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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Illustration by Tenniel for the Mad Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland," based upon Leonardo's portrait of the "Maultasche." *See page* 483.

An Old New Yorker

THE DIARY OF PHILIP HONE, 1828-1851. Edited by ALLAN NEVINS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1927. 2 vols.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THE Diary of Philip Hone, retired merchant, patron of the arts, and leading citizen in the earlier half of the last century, is by no means unknown to scholars and even to the general reader. The twenty-eight manuscript volumes have long reposed in the New York Historical Society and Tuckerman's two volume edition of selections was printed so long ago that it has been out of print many years and is rather scarce. This fact coupled with the real importance of the Diary makes us welcome a new edition edited with all Mr. Nevins's well-known skill and including for the first time everything of any real value in the original.

Hone was born, a poor boy, in New York in 1780. He rose rapidly to wealth, doing a general commission business as merchant, combined, as Mr. Nevins says, with "the work of a present day fashionable auctioneer of Park or Fifth Avenue." In 1815 his firm's profits were $159,007, obviously a large sum for those days, and when he had the good sense to retire from business comparatively young, he may have had a fortune of a half million. His acquaintance included almost everyone worth knowing in New York or who came there. He dined with John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Astor, Washington Irving, Prescott, and innumerable men less known today but who were "the top of the heap" in the 1830's and 1840's. Distinguished foreigners always had letters of introduction to him and he was always serving on dinner and reception committees for them, including such representatives of the arts as Fanny Ellsler, Charles Dickens, and every prominent English actor or actress. He also took a very keen interest in politics and although he never rose to high office himself he was active in most of the campaigns. All these varied contacts with life lend to his Diary an unusual interest.

It is, in fact, its accurate reporting of the general scene which gives it its importance. There are no single entries which may be said to change our knowledge on almost any of the innumerable topics touched upon in the course of the twenty-three years covered. On the other hand, Hone gives us, as no one else that I know of, either contemporary chronicler or later historian, a picture of the daily life of the upper classes in his day. With him, we attend the theatre regularly; we enter the houses of the Astors, the Brevoorts, the Howlands, and all those who made up Society in those decades; we

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What Is Truth?

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

SIR WALTER SCOTT is dead. Long live Sir Walter Scott! His great discovery that fiction and history are interchangeable is a basic patent, bound to reappear and reappear in the history of literature. The gas engine succeeds the steam engine but the principle of the expansion of gases remains of permanent utility. Not psychology, not realism, not the most intense modernism can kill the historical romance.

Those who read Lion Feuchtwanger's "Jew Süss," published under the name of "Power," will boggle at the word romance. What has romance to do with that shrewd immorality Süss, who played upon profligates and time servers, got a duchy into his light and skilful fingers, and then, like a poison-snake coiled round a trap, died of too much power! And the many who will read his new book, "The Ugly Duchess,"* the Maultasche, whose brave and lucid mind beat itself upon her ugly body and upon the ugly souls that surrounded her, and upon the ugly necessities of her rule where villainy met villainy, until she sank into a loathsome voluptuary of the seven joys of living—they also will flinch at the word romance.

Call it then historical fiction, yet nevertheless every novelist who tries to recreate history faces the same general problem. The chronicles of the best known periods are full of gaps and silences. We know with a good deal of inaccuracy what men and women did, we know with much less accuracy what they thought, we know still less what they were. The novelist who writes of Frederick of Sicily and the novelist who writes of Gopher Prairie have the same problem of reconstruction from scanty evidence, but in history the great figures are recorded and almost nothing is known of the little ones, and hence over the historical novelist's story a spell of past greatness broods. Scott sought the greatness, Feuchtwanger tries to escape from its illusions. Neither entirely succeeds.

But the difference is significant. Historical fiction, like history, is more likely to register an exact truth about the writer's present than the exact truth of the past. The romantic Scott saw the Middle Ages in a golden haze, the moral Hewlett and the still more moral Tennyson, as a conflict of nobility with barbarous instincts, the realist Feuchtwanger sees them as a stew of politics, sensuality, greed, and stupidity.

* * *

It is interesting to compare the medieval and renaissance studies of Maurice Hewlett, not so long ago the darling of those who like their history dressed in imagination, with this modern German writing for a disillusioned Europe. So far as my knowledge of formal history permits, I should say that the English novelist is as well documented as the German. Each can produce chapter and book. Hewlett's people, again, are not, like Scott's heroes, all angel or devil. The romantic Richard Cœur de Lion is ridden by the black spirit of Anjou. His paramour, Jehane, gives herself to sex with an abandon which should satisfy a modern. Old Henry II is as brutal, more wicked, uglier than the German kings and Tyrolean brutes of "The Ugly Duchess." No deeds are glossed over, no characters are whitewashed, in spite of the golden hazed romance that hangs over all. One feels that if Hewlett had been transferred to the twelfth century, that was about the way the twelfth century would have looked to him.

And yet here is Feuchtwanger's fourteenth century which has the same villainies, same passions, same brutalities, but as different a feel to it as the earth and the moon. Who is the romantic knight errant of "The Ugly Duchess"? Why, John of Bohemia, the blind king who got himself killed at Crécy, a gambler, a lecher, unscrupulous, irresponsible, a waster of kingdoms, a fashion plate, whose courage is a social nuisance. And who is the chosen heroine? A pathetic woman with a mouth like a chimpanzee's and a will to live which is thwarted meanly by her own ugliness and the meanness of others, until she accepts the philosophy of her pink-eyed paramour—the disgusting albino Frauenberger, who cracks his joints and poisons men and women—that eating, drinking, and lechery are the only sound benefits of living. And the contrast of themes is even sharper. It is not the organization of Europe, not the push towards the East of the Crusades that interests Hewlett, but a moral struggle in the mind of a woman who will not sacrifice her lover's greatness and in the mind of a man who loves himself and the woman almost equally well; while in Feuchtwanger's stew of rascality, cheating, and covetousness the great pulse of economic civilization is felt to beat, the towns with their hope of decent living fight through the ugly Margaret against the backward country still aslosh with the dregs of barbarous feudalism, trade against tyranny, Jews and Florentines against the wasters and each other.

The difference is not between the twelfth and fourteenth century, for Hewlett writes of the latter too, and Feuchtwanger finds what he wants also in the eighteenth. It is a contrast between two men, each building upon history, one in the 'nineties of the last century, one in the 1920s. Nothing has happened to the Middle Ages since 1900, and not much new has been learned of them; the difference is in the men and their times.

Yet it by no means suffices to say that Hewlett was a romanticist and Feuchtwanger a realist. This is mere dodging. Why is a man a realist, and

*"The Ugly Duchess." By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York. The Viking Press. 1927. $2.50.

This Week

"Industry's Coming of Age." Reviewed by *Howard T. Lewis.*
"Now East Now West." Reviewed by *Gladys Graham.*
"Red Flag." Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
The Play of the Week. Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler*
"Turkish Letters." Reviewed by *H. G. Dwight.*
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Winston Churchill. By *Carl Van Doren.*

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what is realism? To say in terms of the old criticism that Hewlett wrote of the world as he wished to see it, Feuchtwanger of the world as it was, is not true. What was the world of the fourteenth century like? Was it as Dante pictured its beginning and Rabelais its end, or as Feuchtwanger writes of it? I find mention of Petrarch in Feuchtwanger, but not of Dante. I find Dante's evil men, but none of his religious exaltation, only hints of his sense of grandeur in the world, more of his conception of a Europe in evolution, but of his moral condemnations none at all. I find the carousings and irresponsibility of Rabelais, but nothing of his hearty humor and only a hint of the humane reason that lies behind his text. Apparently Feuchtwanger would see Tyrol and Austria and Lombardy of the fourteenth century if he could live there, as he sees them through history. But were they like that? No more than the twelfth century was like the image held in Hewlett's fervent archaic style with its touches of English humor and its preference for simple, virtuous gentlemen, or if neither simple and virtuous, at least gentlemen.

* * *

Is it a question of spotlight then? The "sympathetic" characters get the light in Hewlett and in Hewlett's successor, Sabatini; whereas in Feuchtwanger they are on the edge of illumination, like the gentle cynic, von Schenna, who is almost in the shade; or it exposes their harder traits, as when the light shines upon the subtle, indifferent soul of the lovely Agnes von Flavon. The spotlight is a crude figure, for it does not express the powerful changes in temperament and philosophy which these books illustrate. Focus is better. In Scott it is a distant perspective, where little tumbling figures can remain humorous, and heroes and villains can be distinguished by their clothes. Then one can tell a gorgeous story uninterrupted by the results of too much scrutiny. In Hewlett the range is nearer. The angles are right for a study of the mind. Great figures still emerge from the rest and their kindly bearing can be supposed to house kingly thoughts, yet on this closer view they are seen to act most unknightly on occasion. The illusion that a hero is always heroic is impossible. The purest of women have ugly thoughts. Turn the screw again and move the eye nearer, and it is a new and coarser world. Noses become bulbous, vices gross, a crawling world of mean instincts and meaner ambitions rises to the sight. The emperor broods over his silly relics, King Heinrich visits the local brothels, Margaret forgets her cities and her Jews while she struggles with Agnes for a shallow lover, there is more dullness than bravery, more cruelty than courage, more greed than aspiration.

And which of these is true?

Why none of them of course. It is the irreconcilable conflict between illusion and seeming: the illusion of moral purpose and moral worth versus the seeming of base material desires. Is Emerson right and the soul naturally incorrupt, so that the will to good amidst its failures and defeats is the only reality worth searching for? Or is the really valuable truth the animalism which seems to lurk in every motive, so that sacrifice proves to be mere self defense, ambition, crude animal desire rationalized, and love, passion plus policy?

* * *

Well, Feuchtwanger's view of the world is probably just as much wilful illusion as Hewlett's. You see what you want to see and come to your desired conclusion. It is the misfortune of fiction that it must always take a line and work out a narrative based upon some hypothesis of human nature. It can never, like poetry or the drama, deal with the irreconcilable conflict itself, for the essence of fiction is a story, and its movement must be by characters conceived in terms of real life. It must assume the reality of moral values, or assume the reality of animal behavior, in order to get on at all. That is why it can seldom, if ever, rise to the heights of the greatest literature, cannot be a Divine Comedy, or a Lear, or an Oedipus. The novelist, like his characters, must be content with a working philosophy, good for his story.

Our question then is why the focus changes, why the novelist seeks in one age disillusion and in another illusion, why Hewlett's history is moral and Feuchtwanger's behavioristic?

I cannot see that the immediate history of the West has anything to do with the change, except in so far as the cold disillusion of after war has bred a taste and an inclination for sour analysis of the motives of grandeur. But then it has equally bred a liking for sophisticated phantasy and precious styles. There is no defeatism in Feuchtwanger and no nationalism, unless his reduction of European history to vanity and greed triumphant over organization and progress is a manifestation of *realpolitik*. No, if we check the 1920s against the 1890s it is clear that something much more devastating than the War is in the reckoning. Beyind Hewlett, and far greater than its instrument, is the whole movement of nineteenth century idealism—Carlyle, Emerson, Spencer. Jehane in "Richard Yea and Nay," a creature of the flesh, seeks to preserve her moral integrity. When we learn of man through Thackeray, Hardy, George Eliot, Meredith, Kipling, we are told whether and how he saved his soul, how, even in failure, he demonstrated a moral will in the universe. That was what these writers looked for, in the twelfth or in their own nineteenth, in realism as in romance.

But behind Feuchtwanger are Nietzsche (though but vaguely), Freud, the economists, the sociologists, the psychologists of the twentieth century. He has new weapons in his hands and will use them. He has new curiosities, new certainties of learning. To him, as to science, man is not a soul trying to overcome nature; he may be that, but is far more interesting when regarded as an intellectual organism worked upon by his environment. It is not what he ought to want, but what he does want, and why he wants it, that draws the fascinated attention of the novelist. Hence a Europe which even so late as Hardy's "Dynasts" is a theatre for powers fighting over man's relationship to God, becomes a laboratory of interesting creatures, ugly and incalculable but subject to an analysis which science has provided. Their morals are less interesting than their behavior, for the former are speculative only and may not exist, while the latter we can in part explain and, with so many facts at our disposal, abundantly test.

* * *

And hence I believe in neither Hewlett nor in Feuchtwanger as philosophers since both are mere instruments of their *Zeitgeists*, and am willing to give both credence as novelists for what they convincingly find.

All this, I realize, is not literary criticism, either of "Richard Yea and Nay," or of "The Ugly Duchess," but it is a relevant and useful preparation. I began with a desire to write neither a philosophy of history nor an inquiry into human nature, but with the need to explain how a man can like both of these books, read both with profit, and judge both by the same literary standards.

The most hard-boiled modern cannot deny that there is good stuff in Hewlett, that his "Forest Lovers," steeped in sentiment as it is, has humor and beauty also, and that his more documented histories represent a past which Chaucer and Jan van Eyck and the builders of the Sainte Chapelle testify to have been real, in his sense, to their eyes.

* * *

And also we who were reading books in the '90s and who grow a little weary of the linked vices long drawn out of the present, must nevertheless take satisfaction in the solid, objective texture of "The Ugly Duchess," in its picture of a society just shaking loose from medieval loyalties, savoring pleasure in a new prosperity, not yet subject to the responsibilities of an industrial civilization. Feuchtwanger's strength is his fine blend of a scholar's knowledge with an artist's imagination. He exercises a restraint which only a few of the historical novelists before him—perhaps only Flaubert—have been willing to practise. Into his fourteenth century he goes with the complete equipment of a scientific historian. He is aware of the subtle economic causes which split the Guelphs and Ghibellines. He knows what dim future of unity the Germanic kingdoms were struggling toward and against. He is familiar with the psychology of suppression and the inferiority complex. He knows how history lies. And yet his medieval Europe is never out of drawing; he never comments except through the imperfect thoughts of his characters. He is shocked only when they are shocked, seems to believe what they believe, seems to see Europe as they saw it, with every emphasis different from ours. Hence he makes human and credible those characters, such as the hideous Frauenberger or the fatuous Chrétien or the avaricious, sensuous, superstitious boys who ruled kingdoms and principalities, which we know well enough in formal history, but do not really understand. In Feuchtwanger they are not contemporaries in fancy dress or mere character types breathed upon by romance. He sees only what he wants to see, but respects his facts.

Feuchtwanger gets, too, as a scientific historian-artist should, a meaning in his picture. This story is of the Tyrol, but its scene is Europe, for Europe is still one civilization and what happens in Luxembourg is vital in Bohemia. It is a Europe in transition also where the honest man is often fighting for his own hand against a scoundrel who nevertheless represents better government and the blessings of security. When the Duchess's Jews are massacred it is pitiable, but one sees it also as a setback for a new order of commerce that would permit Jews and Christians to live decently, because the Duchess dimly saw this too.

* * *

Nor is the Feuchtwanger history drab. There is as much color as in Hewlett, if you stop to look for it, and as dramatic a theme. When Margaret knows that her ugliness will shut her out from love and even affection, she has two alternatives. She can accept the romantic fabric of chivalry which means so much to her one friend, von Schenna, and compensate by an ideal world for the coldness about her. But for this she is too realist. The sophistication of love, the mystic loyalties of feudalism, mean nothing to her, as doubtless they meant nothing to millions of medievals. Or she can compensate by learning how to rule—the Tyrol, Carinthia, Italy—Europe. She has the making of a great executive, and this she proposes to become. But the times and her repellent body are too much for her. Striving for a settled and prosperous country she is turned and warped into personal grievances, and corrupted by the enemies she fights against. By consummate irony the evils she contends with, the advantages for whose lack she suffers, are embodied in the lovely, vicious Agnes von Flavon, whose sin, as she said at her death trial, was to be born into the world at all. For being born needy and beautiful, she had to use her times for that they would bring her, and being vicious, all that Margaret wanted she did not want, all that she had, except ugliness, she desired. So she stole the Duchess's lover, and then her husband, corrupted her policies, caused the slaughter of the Jews, was the reason for her son's death. Beauty against ugliness; men's passions worshipping Agnes against their reason; the people's judgment against their real good. And all, or nearly all, because Margaret was born with an ape's mouth! It will be seen that there is no lack of the dramatic in "The Ugly Duchess."

Nor of romance, if you care to think of the book romantically. I repeat that this is the same fabric of historical romance that Hewlett worked over, only with different threads uppermost and a different design. Each view is implied in the work of the other, but apparently you cannot get both in one. Even Iago does not give the sense of good-humored villainy, which is not a crime but merely a way of living, that one gets in the Frauenberger. It seems to be as impossible for the characters from one kind of book to step into the other as for a man to become a predatory beast and tear flesh naturally. The material world of Feuchtwanger and the moral world of Hewlett (or Shakespeare for that matter) will not coalesce. But there is only one world, one human society. Hence neither book is true altogether, and both must be read, which is the argument of this essay.

* * *

And I suppose that just now we need Feuchtwanger most after a long dose of moralized, and often sentimentalized, romancing. But, whether we need him or not, his kind of book can probably be written best just now, when the mechanistic in man's nature and the mechanism in society are so much better understood. Later, when they are still more familiar—and seem less important—it will not be so easy to write a "Jew Süss" and an "Ugly Duchess." Each age does best what most interests it. And Feuchtwanger proves to one reader at least, who was brought up on Scott, Dumas, Cooper, and Hewlett, that a study of vices and frustrations can have the horrid interest of that Gothic romance which pleased by terrifying, even as this pleases by its brilliant appearance of an utter and inner and intensely human truth.

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The Causes of Productivity

INDUSTRY'S COMING OF AGE. By Rexford G. Tugwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927.

Reviewed by Howard T. Lewis
Harvard University

OF the attempts to explain the tremendous increase in productivity in the United States, there will probably be no end. Nor, let us hope, will critics ever cease the effort to interpret such forces in terms of social consequences. The book under review seeks to do both. It is only fair to Professor Tugwell to add, at once, that his latest volume is after all a mere summary, a statement which holds true for the analysis and for the conclusions. At the same time, one may very fairly raise the question as to whether any attempt even to sketch the underlying causes of American productivity, particularly when the list grows into one of nine "general causes" supplemented by twenty-two "specific causes"—to say nothing of the attempt to discuss them—is worth a great deal. When, in addition to this task, the writer undertakes to discuss the barriers to growth, and finally to point out the significance of all of this for society—and to do this whole task in a volume of 267 pages, it must become apparent that the volume is bound to be sketchy indeed.

The author, after devoting a chapter to pointing out some of the facts as to the tremendous increase in the productivity in the United States, particularly since 1914, passes first to the task of setting up suggested theories to account for this growth, and then to the outlining of his own theory. This, together with the subsequent explanation—one can hardly say discussion—occupies practically two-thirds of the entire volume. The causes are divided into two groups—"general causes" and "specific or technical causes." There are nine of the former, including such factors as the spread of technical and general education in the United States, changes in the size and pattern of our population, progress toward a more complete division of labor and consequent mechanization of industrial processes, utilization of productive contributions of women, and the development of combinations and associations in business. Of the "specific causes" there are twenty-two. They include scientific management, standardization of processes and materials, carefully preplanning and enlarged reliance on paper work, better recognition of the executive functions, budgetary control, development of the policy of taking a relatively low price for a large volume as contrasted with a high price for a small volume and reduced inventory burdens achieved through quicker turnover, simplified marketing, and improved transport and communication, improved communication and transport facilities, improved financial mechanisms, study of personnel problems, and recognition of the method of wage payments.

It is unfortunate that, perhaps as a consequence of the hasty treatment, a balanced weighing of each factor is not presented. It is not merely a question of how much each factor contributes, but that no factor can be properly discussed. The result is an inadequacy that is bound to cause criticism of the position apparently assumed—criticism doubtless often quite unfair to the author. The latter is forced to a somewhat dogmatic presentation. Thus any amount of debate can be raised over his discussion of educational trends, to cite a "general cause;" of labor policies, to cite a "specific" one.

After a chapter on "Barriers to Progress"—persistence of depressions, weak spots even in good times, conservatism in education, low standards of living among many people, and handicaps of transition—Professor Tugwell devotes two chapters to an attempt of evaluation. It must lie beyond the province of this review to discuss the author's position on this matter. His fundamental method of approach is undoubtedly sound. He says: "My own idea is that we might grow away from poverty and the other ugly concomitants of industrialism and toward something better, though not, indeed, like Athens or Florence or any of Mr. Wells's Utopias. And that we might accomplish this by taking industry as we find it and shaping it reasonably and slowly but also forcefully toward what seem, for the time being, better arrangements. . . . The first condition of achieving such a plan, however, seems to me, as I have implied, the recognition of present trends."

As to the rest, many readers may be hesitant to accept his conclusions. Thus "Two great drawbacks are evidently our remaining dependence on pecuniary motivation and our faulty notions concerning the functions of social control." The discussion at this point will doubtless prove stimulating and thought-provoking for the many readers who will find in the volume a statement and a summary of some forces to which, in the past, they have devoted too little attention. After all, it is to such readers that the book will appeal. The misfortune is that this introduction will not be as balanced a weighing of factors and of argument as one might wish.

Transplanted Americans

NOW EAST NOW WEST. By Susan Ertz. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

IF analysis is as good for the soul as confession is said to be, the American soul ought soon to be in a state of gratifying beatitude. Where other peoples are content to write of man under such and such nationality as a secondary consideration, we of the Golden Eagle dedicate our pens to the delineation of Americans who may or may not, secondarily, be men and women. In "Now East Now West" Susan Ertz brings under the microscope of her very keen observation an American couple of ample means but meagre background who are suddenly transplanted into transoceanic surroundings new to them but old in beauty and culture. The resultant effects upon the characters of these two pilgrims, one so unwilling, from the new world, make up a novel wherein the author's very urbane analytic ability is at its best. Incidentally these Americans in "Now East Now West" are people.

A portrait attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, of the Maultasche, heroine of Feuchtwanger's "Ugly Duchess," said to be the ugliest woman in the world. The picture was used by Tenniel as a suggestion for the "Mad Duchess" in "Alice in Wonderland."

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A long time ago George Santayana said that the American Will inhabits the skyscraper and is the the province of the American man, while the American Intellect inhabits the colonial mansion and is the province of the American woman. "Now East Now West" is an attempt to catch the American Will in the very act of leaving the skyscraper and venturing into intellectual pastures. When Henry James's wealthy business men forsook their towers of action they invariably hastened right over into the colonial mansion—which did little to disturb the genteel tradition in American letters. The hero of "Now East Now West" is a much less complex character than the species Jamesian but he dominates the book in his sincere if somewhat lumbering search after truth. He is something new in fiction, and after so many treatises on Man into Babbitt it is pleasant to find "Now East Now West" giving us a picture of Babbitt into Man.

George Goodall is the American suddenly thrust by fate and an ambitious wife into the thick of English life. There is no story to tell of him aside from a decisive friendship with an Englishwoman which first puts his feet on the path that leads him out of stultification towards reality. His are spiritual adventures which do not run into plots. Althea Goodall, the wife, is an American of a different color. She is a New Yorker with an artificially heightened brow, knowing something about everything and nothing about everything. Her first reaction to experience is to wonder what her reaction ought to be. She has appeared often before in fiction and her adventures are not spiritual, but she is capable of holding the reader's interest, and—what is a decided achievement—she even makes believable the fact that people really are attracted to her. Susan Ertz is interested in only a very restricted section of society but little within this section escapes her attention. And her mosaics of contemporary life are most suavely executed.

A Distinguished Poet

RED FLAG. By Lola Ridge. New York: The Viking Press. 1927.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

MANY poets are radicals, but just as few radicals are poets as there are poets among the conservative. Lola Ridge does not write radical poetry for any other reason than that it is the fullest expression of herself—a self clear-eyed and utterly sincere. But even if Lola Ridge were the most sincere person on the face of the earth, that fact alone would never have made her the true poet she is. She happens to have been born with a spiritual sensitivity far more vibrant than that of the average person, with an abnormal gift of observation, and a remarkable feeling for language.

A book that has greatly irritated me recently is Upton Sinclair's "Money Writes," for he tries to judge all writing with the yard-stick of a social theory. Quite naturally, such a yard-stick proves entirely useless. All yard-sticks do. It is not a social theory that makes, or will ever make, a distinguished writer. It is not any kind of a theory. Poets have been theorists, but their theories have been concomitants of their poetry, not primal springs, and when they tried hardest to expound their theories in verse they wrote their worst poetry. Shelley's mind was far in advance of his time, so was Walt Whitman's. Both, in their so different ways, saw straight through the preposterous stupidity and cruelty of many conventions of mankind. Both worked for a new world and a new order. But the most important fact is that both were born to express themselves in amazing verbal music. That is their hold upon posterity, that strange ability to convey in the written word—Shelley, magnificent aërial things,—Whitman the vast undertones of the teeming earth.

I am not comparing Lola Ridge to the giants. I do not believe she is among the intellectual giants or the giants in imagination. She is simply a poet of our day who deserves a place in the first rank among the poets of our day. This I do believe. Her writing has the fire and intensity, the passion and the command of language that we look for in a reckonable poet.

That is enough to say. For all I know all the poets of this time may prove rather minor in the judgment of the future. Who can say? Does it matter? It is enough that certain poets to certain of their contemporaries arouse the spirit like a trumpet. Lola Ridge is one of these. This is her third book. "The Ghetto" appeared in 1918, "Sun-Up" in 1920. Constant ill-health and a struggle for existence rather grimmer than is the average lot have handicapped her exercise of her talents but have not had the power to shake her spirit. Her third book contains the same iron—which is good for the constitution—and, on the other hand the same sensitivity to beauty with a salient ability freshly to convey it:

> Dawn is like a broken honeycomb
> spilling over the waxen edges of the clouds
> that drip with light . . .

That quotation is taken quite at random from "Red Flag." But if that were all, we might say, "Oh, it's very pretty as far as it goes!" even in the face of such a beautiful lyric as "A joy is in the morning, veiled." It is not all. Read her sonnet to E. S., read her questioning of modern Russia in "The White Bird," read "Electrocution," "Kelvin Barry,"—read the title poem itself. If you can read them without a quickening of the pulse in the presence of extraordinary versatile power, I know nothing of poetry.

Miss Ridge's work often has Celtic plangency, often subtle delicacy, often fiery light. Usually her phrase is memorable. There is one in Russia, she says, "whose seeming stillness is akin to the velocity of a spinning star;" she speaks of Roland Hayes in one mood as "goaded by soliciting light audacious as hibiscus flowers." In Ward X the Salvation Army lass is seen to think, "The moon'll be bright as Jesus

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walking upon the water." Her sympathies range far, and the choice of her words for them shows her as the artist she is.

"Red Flag" is a distinguished book of poems. It has variety and unusual interest. This writer may well be recognized as one of our very best in the time to come.

The Play of the Week

By Oliver M. Sayler

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. By William Shakespeare. EVERYMAN, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. DANTON'S DEATH,* by George Buechner. Produced in German by Max Reinhardt with His Companies from the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, and the Theater in der Josefstadt, Vienna, for Gilbert Miller at the Century Theatre, New York, respectively, November 17, December 7, and December 20, 1927.

Reviewed from Performance and Published Manuscript

FOR many years expectant curiosity has run high in this country concerning the achievements in the theatre of Professor Max Reinhardt, of Berlin, Vienna, and Salzburg. Heretofore that curiosity, fanned by conflicting but preponderantly enthusiastic reports of returning travelers, has had only partial and sporadic satisfaction. Here is a man who, in a career of more than a quarter century as regisseur of Central European stages, has done more than any single living artist for the cause of dramatic literature in the theatre, an artist who has stamped his personality and his quickening vision on six stages in Berlin (the Kleines, Neues, and Deutsches Theaters, the Kammerspiele, the Grosses Schauspielhaus, and the Komoedienhaus, on two in Vienna (the Theater in dem Redoutensaal and the Theater in der Josefstadt), and on divers playhouses in Salzburg, Munich, Dresden, Budapest, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and London. For our own first-hand conception of this dominant figure and his art, we have had to depend until now on his pantomime, "Sumurun," relayed to us sixteen years ago by Winthrop Ames through one of Reinhardt's stage directors, Richard Ordynski; and, four years ago, on another, more overwhelming, more overawing, pantomime, "The Miracle," into whose interpretation, however, was infused the expansive genius of Morris Gest.

After all these years, though, the true Max Reinhardt, unhampered by proxy, unaided by collaboration, is finally being revealed to us at the hands of Gilbert Miller and at the urging of Otto H. Kahn. Barring such unfortunately unavailable players of the veritable Reinhardt ensemble as Max Pallenberg and Elizabeth Bergner, a representative company, recruited from his stages in Berlin and Vienna and strengthened by the return to the fold of the prodigal Moissi, has enacted at the Century three spectacular productions and is committed ere its departure to several intimate productions in a smaller theatre. By the time his season of German repertory is over, we shall know Max Reinhardt in cross section, if not *in extenso*.

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The completion of Reinhardt's program of spectacle with Buechner's "Danton's Death" seems a fitting moment for appraisal of that phase of his art, at least. I shall not duplicate the function of the daily press in reporting these three productions in detail. Nor shall I argue the vexed executive question of whether spectacles were the wiser entrée for a regisseur already known by that genre but reputed even more skilful at intimate drama. I prefer, rather, to summarize the residual impressions these spectacles have left, controvert certain misconceptions of them that prevail, and point out the distinctive services Reinhardt has performed as champion of drama as oral and visual literature.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Everyman," and "Danton's Death," each in its own way, have added lustre to Reinhardt's already unique reputation as master of massed players in the theatre. It is generally and justly conceded that no one man in our own or memorable time has had so sure an instinct or so magnetic an influence for releasing even the most inexperienced actors from self-conscious inhibitions and for molding them, no matter how widely they may be separated on stage or in auditorium, into a throbbing, thrilling, impassioned, and plastic unity. As the all-enveloping cathedral of "The Miracle" gave him a physical analogue conducive to this spiritual unity, so in the "Dream" he profited by Oscar Strand's much be-caved but compact inclined platform stage, and in "Everyman" by the scenically cohesive banquet table. In "Danton's Death," on the other hand, he discards all such props and builds the most startling climaxes of human frenzy on all but bare stage. The scene of the revolutionary tribunal has all the exciting verisimilitude of life plus the pattern and rhythm of great art, despite the fact that its participants are separated by the utmost cavernous reaches of the Century Theatre.

And yet, granting this mass mastery to Reinhardt, there has been a tendency in certain quarters to belittle his stagecraftsmanship as trickery, and to carp at his frequent and arbitrary rearrangement of old material. Since I feel that much of his service to dramatic literature is bound up with these two points, I shall devote the rest of my space to an attempt to refute these charges and misconceptions.

It has become the fashion latterly to belittle all the mechanical, electrical, scenic, and other physical media of the theatre as tricks—a natural if undiscriminating reaction from the modernist orgy of dependence on these expedients alone. In any philosophic and dispassionate view of the theatre, however, a ray of light skilfully directed to an aesthetic end; an eloquent posture of the human body; a lucidly sensuous tone of the human voice, aided, it may be, by music or sub-musical vibrations; the mass form or pattern of a stage picture—these are just as legitimate and honorable collaborators in the art of the theatre as the word. Do we attach greater value or respect to one color than to another on a painter's palette? Or to the nouns, verbs, or adjectives of the writer? It would be just as fair to elevate or to belittle as tricks either the word or any other medium of the theatre's varied powers of expression. Balance we must have, of course. We criticize the painter who runs fanatically to blues or any one color, writers whose style lacks proportion. But we do not out of hand arrange a moral hierarchy for his different means of expression.

In other words, when Max Reinhardt brings the fairy wood to shimmering and star-lit life, when he peoples palace and glade with exotically costumed aristocrats, fantastically robed elves and grotesquely clad artisans, he is merely completing the youthful Shakespeare's vision in theatrical terms which the poet would be likely to use if he were writing and producing his masque today. Likewise, the luxury of Everyman's feast, the Devil's whirling tail, Mammon's gilt-lacquered body, and the angelic frieze accompanying Everyman's descent into the grave, are motives introduced not for their own sake but to enable the word to speak to all the senses simultaneously. And in the same manner and to the same end, Reinhardt in "Danton's Death" paints with light a smoldering glare upon Robespierre and the other protagonists of the revolutionary drama, while hinting at vast distances and uncounted throngs among the receding shadows. In this stirring panorama of the Terror, too, he resorts again, but more simply, more effectively than in "The Miracle," to the expedient—not the trick, I maintain—of sweeping the audience as participants into the circle of the action.

I have as little patience with butchery of the classics to make a scene designer's or a theatrical hobbyist's holiday, as I have with the specious use of the lights and sights and sounds of the theatre for their own sake, instead of to complete the playwright's dramatic conception inherent in the word but inarticulate in the word alone. I have less patience, however, with that slavish and almost Chinese reverence for the classics which frowns on the slightest deviation from their original form and their traditional interpretation. Except in a laboratory of classical archaeology, that form and interpretation do not necessarily possess any intrinsic significance today. Their spirit, not their form, is of persisting moment to us. To make that spirit live, to recapture it if it has become moribund, is the regisseur's responsibility. Recognition of that responsibility has been the cornerstone of Reinhardt's entire career. Not only has he cut, rearranged, and reinterpreted the dramas of the Greeks, of the Elizabethans, and of the German classicists, but in his own artistic lifetime he has retaken his bearings again and again. The production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which we have seen at the Century is the sixth that he has made in twenty-two years, no one of which has copied its predecessors. He is neither afraid to grow with himself nor with his times. The extent to which he will go on occasion to obtain a play vital to contemporary thought and emotion is illustrated in "Everyman," which is not a mere translation of the old English Morality but a new play by the Austrian poet, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, using that naïve and austerely simple old manuscript as a suggestive germ for an equally austere and reverent but more brilliantly colorful drama told in images addressed to the minds and hearts of today. "Danton's Death," in turn, is a case of a major esthetic operation and an all but miraculous return from a literary grave.

If Max Reinhardt, duce of the stage's legions, sensitive manipulator of the theatre's own peculiar expedients of expression, and unflinching prospector among the drama's forgotten treasures, has been revealed to us in his spectacular repertory, we may well wonder what added traits his more intimate productions will disclose.

(Mr. Sayler will review next week "The Love Nest," by Robert E. Sherwood).

*This play is contained in a volume of Buechner's dramas about to be published by the Viking Press.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

Still Running in New York

BURLESQUE. By *Arthur Hopkins* and *George Manker Watters*. Plymouth Theatre. The personal equation beneath pink tights and putty nose.

THE GOOD HOPE. By *Herman Heijermans*. Civic Repertory Theatre. A European repertory veteran ably revived on our only repertory stage.

PORGY. By *Dorothy* and *DuBose Heywood*. Republic Theatre. The rhythms of Negro life interpreted in pulsing drama.

ESCAPE. By *John Galsworthy*. Booth Theatre. Leslie Howard *et al.* in the dramatist's latest—and last—play.

THE IVORY DOOR. By *A. A. Milne*. Charles Hopkins Theatre. An ironic and whimsical fairy tale for grown-ups.

AND SO TO BED. By *J. B. Fagan*. Sam H. Harris Theatre. A satiric and pungent comedy based on a presumable day in the amorous life of Samuel Pepys, Esq.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By *Bernard Shaw*. Guild Theatre. A debated and debating play set squarely on its feet at last by sound acting and discerning direction.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK. By *Sean O'Casey*. Gallo Theatre. The Irish Players in another realistic representation of the sordidness of the Dublin tenement.

"In past centuries," says Arthur Ponsonby, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, "precocity was favored and the tender plant of youth was often put into a forcing-house. At the age of seven Edward VI. had mastered Latin, and when he was thirteen he had read Aristotle's 'Ethics' in the original and occupied his leisure in translating Cicero's 'De Philosophia' into Greek. Lady Jane Grey, who, it will be remembered, was beheaded when she was sixteen added to a complete mastery of Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, some knowledge of Hebrew and Arabic. In moments of depression she solaced herself with Demosthenes and Plato, and she was an accomplished musician. In spite of the efforts of the professorial Prince Consort youthful royalty has abandoned any attempt to rise to the Tudor standard of scholarship.

Sir Henry Slingsby, a Cavalier who fought for Charles I., was greatly concerned when he noticed that his son at the age of five was becoming 'duller to learn;' he attributes it to his too 'much minding play which takes off his mind from his books;' and he declares: 'They do ill that do foment and cherish that humor in a child and by inventing new sports increase his desire to play, which causeth a great aversion to their book; and their mind being at first season'd with vanity will not easily loose the relish of it.'"

The Saturday Review of Literature

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An Old New Yorker

(*Continued from page* 481)

watch changes in social custom; the change from sailing packet to steamship on the ocean and from stage-coach to railway on land; the anxieties and losses of the years before and after the panic of 1837; political campaigns and popular celebrations; mobs at work and the growth of the strong popular feeling against the "aristocracy;" the steady growth of the city northward, with all the changes in fortune, locations, and ways of living entailed; in fact, the whole life of the period.

The Diary is not at all introspective and makes no pretense to literary style. It is an immense *olla podrida* of valuable, amusing, or interesting facts, jotted down daily with a pertinacity which wins our admiration. Hone had a sense of humor, although I think the editor overestimates his wit as a punster, and occasionally the entries are caustic. Speaking of the annual exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts in 1832 he notes that "there is the usual display of horrid portraits, like enough in all conscience to their originals, who I wish were hanged in their places." How small the New York of that day was and how rapid its expansion are indicated by two entries. February 23, 1832 "jollifications were observed" at the breaking of ground for the terminal of the Harlem Railroad "at Murray Hill, three miles from town." In 1841 Henry Brevoort died where he had "lived all his life upon his farm, now in Broadway a short distance above my house [Great Jones Street], which cost him a few hundred dollars and is now worth to his heirs a half a million." The rapid increase in foreign travel is shown by a rather interesting note in 1838 in which Hone records that when he first began going out to dinners anyone who had been to Europe was looked upon as a very rare bird indeed whereas at an ordinary social dinner he attended that evening every one of the twenty guests had been abroad. Moreover "serious authors" evidently fared better then than now for he records that Chancellor Kent, who was an intimate friend, was receiving, and probably would for twenty years to come, $5,000 a year in royalties from his "Commentaries." And this at a time when he complained that sweetbreads had reached the unprecendented price of twenty-five cents each, turkeys one dollar and seventy-five cents each, and chickens fifty cents each! The intellectual classes today might regard the Administration's pæan of praise over American prosperity with more equanimity if their royalties bore a somewhat similar relation to the price of turkeys.

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They had their troubles, however, even then for at the Commencement of Columbia College in 1832 the orator of the day strongly opposed the efforts being made to oust the classics from the curriculum in favor of utilitarian subjects. Hone exhausts himself in his expressions of disgust at the rise of the yellow press in the shape of the *Herald*, its increasing sensationalism, and its indecent intrusion upon the privacy of the individual who must submit or be vilified in its pages. He also objects to the "virulent and malignant" streams of abuse which flow from the pen of that "blackhearted misanthrope," William Cullen Bryant, editor of the *Evening Post*, and wonders how the same breast can harbor "beautiful poetical images" which one would as soon expect from him as "drops of honey from the fangs of a rattlesnake." Now and then we come upon unexpected bits of information, such as that the United States Government had imported bloodhounds from Cuba to hunt down the Seminole Indians in Florida, but he notes that these "four-legged riflemen" had been of little service as they proved more afraid of the Indians than the savages were of them, and the expense of importing them had been enormous. Not the least interesting portions of the Diary are concerned with his travels. He goes to Europe, and frequently to Saratoga, Washington, and occasionally to Boston. His Washington visits are usually connected with politics and we get much gossip, and sometimes more, on the political combinations and figures of the day.

I have made no attempt to point out the most important passages in Hone's pages. They cover such a vast variety of subjects that any such attempt within the limits of a review is impossible. I have merely tried to give some idea of the scope of the work. As a "contemporary document" for the historian it is of high value. As a mine of entertainment for those interested in the period, and more particularly New York, it is not easily exhausted. The editor has done his work skilfully (preceded by an adequate and well-written Introduction), and from his competent hands, we may be sure that we have at last a complete and accurate version of this important work.

Secondary School Teachers

THE SCHOLARSHIP OF TEACHERS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK and P. W. HUTSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.

THE topic set for the first competition for the Julius and Rosa Sachs prize instituted at Teachers College, Columbia University, in 1926, was both appropriate and timely. It was an appropriate tribute to a man who in himself embodies the finest qualities of the scholar, and it was timely in drawing attention to one of the most serious needs in the field of American secondary education, the Promotion of Scholarship in the Teachers of the Secondary Schools of the United States. No other subject could so successfully have stimulated a thorough-going consideration of the aims and organization of our high school system. The prize essay by Dean Edward A. Fitzpatrick and another essay by Professor P. W. Hutson have now been reprinted under the title of "The Scholarship of Teachers in Secondary Schools." Both are important contributions not so much perhaps in the solutions that they propose for the promotion of scholarship of teachers but in the assembly of the facts that are basic to a sound solution.

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The development of secondary education in this country during the past twenty-five years constitutes a unique phenomenon in the history of education. In no other country and at no other period has the number of schools, pupils, and teachers increased with such rapidity. Equally striking have been the change in the purposes of secondary education and the expansion of the curriculum until today more than seventy subjects are to be found in the offerings of the high schools of the country. If secondary education is to be open to all who seek it, this development is perhaps natural and is to be paralleled in the present movements, especially in England, France, and Germany, to include all post-elementary education in the category of secondary education. But the serious aspect of the development in this country is that, while much thought has been devoted to the redefinition of aims and purposes, to the reformulation of the curriculum, to the reorganization of courses of study, to individual difference, and to the mechanical aspects of organization and administration, comparatively little attention has been given to the keystone of the whole structure, the teacher. In the large city high schools it is possible to employ specialists and to require reasonable standards of qualifications, which at their best hardly compare with those set up in Germany and France and many schools in England. But the large high school is not representative of secondary education in the United States; the typical high school is one with about one hundred pupils and three or four teachers and it is this type of school that the majority of pupils attend. The result is not merely overburdening of teachers but something more serious; the presence of a large number of teachers giving instruction in subjects in which they themselves have had little or no training. This combined with the fact that the average length of a teacher's career is scarcely more than six years, and that certification requirements are loosely defined in most parts of the country, indicates the scope of the problem.

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The American public has contributed generously to the provision of the material fabric of secondary education, the buildings and equipment. But this display of faith and belief in education does not find its counterpart in a generous treatment of the teachers who alone could give substance to this faith. For this, in spite of idealistic fantasies, is a fundamental condition for the promotion of a teaching profession able to cope with the demands placed on secondary education. Beyond this there will still remain as a crucial problem the development of a sound system of professional training which will be something more than the loose collocation of academic subjects and courses in education. Considerable progress has been made recently in the preparation of teachers for elementary schools. A solution of the parallel problem is not beyond the possibility of realization provided that there can be secured the necessary coöperation between colleges and universities on the one hand and the authorities concerned with the administration of secondary education. But so long as the latter continue to refrain from a rigorous definition of the qualifications of teachers so that we have the spectacle of teachers undertaking to teach subjects of which they are comparatively innocent, just so long will the institutions from which the majority of teachers are coming today continue to be unconcerned about the problem. At the same time there will still remain the question whether scholarship or culture can be promoted under a system of educational bookkeeping of units and credits. The two essays under consideration at any rate adduce adequate evidence from a number of different angles of the seriousness of the whole question, evidence which should be in the hands of all interested in the welfare of American education, both its supporters and its critics. The latter are too prone to attack the foundations on which the system is based without examining the causes of the defects that they criticize; the former are too often content to feel that the provision of a fine and costly building is evidence of progress. Both tend to close their eyes to the commonplace that it is the teachers and not the buildings or the organization that make a school.

A Diplomat of the Past

THE TURKISH LETTERS OF OGIER GHISELIN DE BUSBECQ. Retranslated from the Latin by EDWARD SEYMOUR FORSTER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. G. DWIGHT

AMONG the prejudices entertained by the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., one of the soundest bristles in his praise of a collection of books: "Not voyages and travels, but all literature, Sir, all ancient writers, all manly." As between the two moralities of spinning your own cocoon and watching other men spin theirs, the Doctor was never the man to waver; and so noble a Roman might have thought twice before expending a shilling or two on the letters, for example, of that dutiful wife, Lady Mary Montagu. But what would he have made of Busbecq, alumnus of Louvain, Paris, Padua, and Bologna, pupil at Venice of a disciple of Erasmus, botanist, philologist, epigraphist, and humanist, salvager of classic manuscripts, collector of ancient coins and possessor of antique virtues, who became a classic himself by dint of writing four letters in Latin about his two journeys to Turkey?

Mr. Edward Seymour Forster, at any rate, has made of this not too Johnsonian classic a delightful and a crafty little book. It is admirably indexed, annotated, mapped, and printed; it is of the right size to slip into a pocket before catching a train; it puts forward no pretensions. If the captious choose to complain that Mr. Forster's Turkish is less reliable than his Latin, or that he has made too many excisions, Mr. Forster is able to reply that earlier and completer texts of Busbecq already exist. For himself, he has attempted no more than to make it possible for others than specialists to share his own pleasure in the Elzevir of 1633 he chanced to pick up one day. And the general reader can only be grateful for this abridged translation which makes a living figure out of the dim Busbequius of a thousand learned footnotes.

He was a Flemish contemporary of Montaigne (born near Ypres) who had much the same background and outlook and who wrote with a good deal of the same whimsical discursiveness. That is why he is worth reading, rather than the fact that he happened to spend eight of his seventy years as ambassador of the Holy Roman Empire to the court of Süleiman the Magnificent. It took courage to become the foremost authority of the sixteenth century on those mysterious and formidable people, the Turks, then at the climax of their power. Busbecq's predecessor spent two years in a Turkish dungeon, while Busbecq himself was little better than a prisoner in his bare old stone *khan* on a hill of Stambul. But "he who would eat the nut must crack the shell" quoted this tough ambassador, bolting his gate from within when they turned the lock on him from without. He ended by beating his jailers at their own game. What could they do with a man who refused to be frightened by threats, discomfort, illness, or solitude? For company he filled his house with birds and beasts; and

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to beguile his too ample leisure he wrote quaintly and humorously about them to his friend Nicholas Michault, resident of a politer embassy in Portugal —about his fantastic menagerie, about the little known country where he happened to be, about the less known people who lived there. Nor did he feel it necessary to take it out on his rough hosts, behind their backs, for using him as they did. He was the first European to whom it occurred to regard a Turk as a human being—and one by no means destitute of excellent qualities.

However, it never occurred to Busbecq that he was destined to become a classic. Perhaps that is one reason why he has lasted four hundred years. He had not much in common with that school of globe-trotters for whom "romance" is an end in itself. He had unusual experiences, but it was not in search of them that he risked his neck in the domains of the Grand Signior. They were merely incidental to the real business of his life. And if he wrote about them it was for his friend's amusement —and his own. He did it in the most scandalously casual way, scribbling at random in all sorts of moods, jotting down incidents when they were fresh in his mind, describing a picturesque scene before he had forgotten the color of it, throwing in a priceless contribution to history or philology between a legend and a verse from a Roman poet, and breaking off every now and then to add the latest news from "Bajazet." The story of this unhappy prince and his attempts to escape the inevitable fate of a Sultan's younger brother runs through the letters like a magazine serial. On the other hand, Busbecq made no story at all out of the eight years' truce he took home in 1562. That was more of a triumph than it sounds; for in the great days the Sultans made peace with no Christian, and Suleiman was only biding his time to pounce on Vienna. Busbecq made nothing, either, of another of his triumphs. On his way to Amasia in 1555, for his first audience with the Sultan, he discovered and copied at Angora the "Monumentum Ancyranum," "a copy of the tablets upon which Augustus drew up a succinct account of his public acts," which Mr. Forster describes as "the most famous of all Latin historical inscriptions." Yet if you suspect that so genteel a person as an ambassador may not have known what he was doing at Angora, turn to the end of his fourth letter and let your mouth water:

> I also brought back a large miscellaneous collection of coins, the best of which I intend to present to my master. I have also whole wagon-loads, whole ship-loads, of Greek manuscripts. There are, I believe, no fewer than 240 volumes, which I have sent by sea to Venice, whence they are to be conveyed to Vienna. They are destined for the imperial library. Many of them are quite ordinary, but some of them are not to be despised. I hunted them out from all sorts of corners, so as to make, as it were, a final gleaning of all merchandise of this kind. One treasure I left behind in Constantinople, a manuscript of Dioscurides, extremely ancient and written in majuscules, with drawings of the planets and containing also, if I am not mistaken, some fragments of Cratevas and a small treatise on birds. It belongs to a Jew, the son of Haman, who, while he was still alive, was physician to Suleiman. I should like to have bought it, but the price frightened me. . . . I shall not cease to urge the Emperor to ransom so noble an author from such slavery.

The ransom was a hundred ducats! But the Emperor Ferdinand I paid it; and not least among the glories of Vienna, upon which Suleiman pounced too late, is Busbecq's Dioscurides.

Book collectors, book dealers, in fact all who love books, recognize in A. Edward Newton a most delightful writer about books. While the number of his published works is not large, he has written many little-known essays, and his writings are already the object of discerning collectors of first editions. Mr. George H. Sargent, "The Bibliographer" of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, has compiled a "Bibliography of the Writings of A. Edward Newton" with joyous and illuminating notes, to which Mr. Christopher Morley has contributed an introduction. This bibliography, the outcome of two years of work, describes some sixty-five titles, including some unknown to most Newton collectors. This was done entirely without Mr. Newton's knowledge, with the intention of presenting him with the dedication copy as a surprise at Christmas time.

The Bowling Green

IT seemed odd that none of the contributors in Mr. Davison's competition for a rhymed elegy on the old Ford (*Saturday Review*, December 10) made us of the Tennysonian parallel. It has been running in my mind something like this—

> Exit Mistress Ford
> T model, the first flivver, whose hot breath
> Preluded those metallic bursts that fill
> The rattling times of Tin Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still.

I'm sure there are also a lot of appropriate lines in the Midsummer Night's Dream if one cared to hunt them out.

* * *

One finds oneself turning at this season to Milton's ode On the Morning of Christ's Nativity. A tedious song, he called it; certainly some of it smells strongly of the library, and the "Composed 1629" that is usually printed under the title damages its appeal a little, for it reminds one that he was only twenty-one when it was written. Somehow, and quite unreasonably, I grant, one would like to feel that the thrilling simplicities of that noble hymn came from an older man. But there is one line particularly that always seemed to me to offer a superb allegorical title for a story. He tells how unembodied brightness

> Forsook the courts of everlasting day
> And chose with us a darksome house of mortal day

Perhaps one could not now make use of that great phrase *Darksome House* as a title, for J. B. Priestley has come so close to it in a novel he is shortly going to publish, called "The Old Dark House." It is a strange and rather thrilling tale, and would have well merited the Milton title that I covet.

But it is especially at Christmas time that one is aware of Darksome House. Then more sharply than ever, in the clear air and the generous feeling of the time, one ponders on the strange tangle of human doings. What is one to think of it all? On the one hand such soaring exploits as Lindbergh's, an artist working in the seemingly intractable material of international relations. His flight to Mexico was the finest Christmas card that one nation ever sent another. And on the opposite side of the ledger, the horrors of submarine disaster, of California man-hunts, of the pitiable Gray-Snyders in prison waiting to be executed. Against such reminders the world anesthetizes itself by multitudinous errands, by small random charities, by comfortable formulæ and pleonasms of food and alcohol. But inside Darksome House the uneasy thought remains. As long as there are such absurdities as submarines, as long as the death-agony of two witless infatuates is a sadist carnival for the cheap-jack press, the world may well (as Milton said) hide her guilty front. Not that I would have crime news suppressed: on the contrary, as I said long ago I would have it all written, if possible, by De Quinceys. It is so important that the reporting of it might well be supervised by the government—which should send specially commandeered talent to cover it as War Correspondents are sent to the Front. For every sensational trial is a battle-front in a war that never ends, a war that is supposed to be the government's business.

There will always be plenty to think about in Darksome House. I have a friend, a very cheery ungodly man, who often tells me that what he craves more than anything else is to find a Detached Observer. There hasn't been one, in literature anyhow, he keeps remarking, for several hundred years —though perhaps, in a queer sort of way Walt Whitman could be considered as a briefless barrister whose only client was humanity at large. But the Detached Observer will do well to publish only posthumously. If he were to write candidly, for instance, about the complete absurdity of submarines, what sort of reception would he get? If the government were to spend an equal amount of money on supervising the distillation, import and decently regulated sale of honest wines and spirits, surely this continent would be hugely benefitted? Can any sober person deny it?

The Detached Observer, I suppose, will merely put down what he sees without drawing any conclusions. He will note, for instance, that if you travel from New York to Boston in a slow train (which gives you time to study the country) along towards Providence are a number of little graveyards close beside the track. He will not conclude that these are people who were killed by the trains and buried where they fell. But the Detached Observer must not be forbidden (I hope) the pensive consolations of secret humor. Crowded in a subway car, he must be allowed his private pleasure in observing the statement over the door that this vehicle was built by the Pullman Company. Chekhov in his Notebook was a Detached Observer, and only the merriest kind of people should be allowed admission to so disgraceful and witty a book. The difficulty is that we will none of us know, until we have been a long time dead, whether we were detached observers or not. What Blake so gorgeously said of Milton may, in its own degree, be true of many another—"He was a true Poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it."

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I was interested and pleased by the following remarks in a leaflet about the modernistic French furniture now on display at Wanamaker's store in New York:

> An art with an affection for the heritage of the past but with its face turned confidently toward the future, conscious of is own power to create, is demanding our thought, our study and our support.
>
> Each of its creations is something of an adventure. But often the adventure of tried men, schooled in the processes of old arts, yet headed away from habit, and assured of new and rich goals.
>
> The trait of this healthy art is often an athletic hardness, a satisfaction with matter that bluntly declares itself—iron, glass, wood, concrete—with elements that are free of emotional appeal—line, mass, area, dynamics—more than with ornament.
>
> The assembling of its productions reveals one outstanding impulse—to live on frank terms with sun, air, light, cleanliness, and modern conduct.

* * *

Another random trove that interested me was in a report on the endowment funds of Haverford College. There is a certain fund of $30,000, given in memory of an undergraduate, the income of which is used toward the payment of salaries. But "should Haverford at any time in the future give instruction or offer courses in Military Training, the fund must be surrendered to the Committee on Education of Yearly Meeting of Friends in Philadelphia."

* * *

I am sorry I did not, before Christmas, get round to mentioning the new edition, edited by R. Brimley Johnson and published by Dodd, Mead, of Richard Steele's Letters. A book of that sort could hardly happen in this modern world, for all these little affections, sadnesses, recriminations, and messages that he won't be home for dinner, would nowadays (for all I know) be conducted over the telephone. There is no more human, tender, laughable and altogether antitoxic bundle of letters in the world than those of Dick to Prue. It is the When We Were Very Young of every adequately married couple. There can be no lovelier tribute to Prue than that she saved these little notes. There can be no greater compliment to any woman than to give her a copy of this immortal sachet of human imperfection. It isn't fair that scholars should have all the fun, and that students of "literature" should keep to themselves a book so divinely trivial. It is the microcosm of all husbands.

* * *

I am reproved, and very rightly, for not having known that "Dreamthorp" is in print, and always obtainable, in the Oxford Press's World's Classics —an admirable little edition at only 80 cents. It is always rash to assert that any book whatever is difficult to find until one has looked up the Oxford Press catalogue.

Christopher Morley.

The Dial award of $2,000 for distinguished service to American letters has been given this year to Ezra Pound. Pound, a native of Idaho, was foreign correspondent of *Poetry* from 1909 to 1912 and London editor of the *Little Review* from 1909 to 1917. He has translated poetry from the medieval Provencal, modern French, Latin, and Chinese, and plays from Japanese.

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Jottings on a Learning Profession

By WILSON FOLLETT

II Publisher and Public

THE reason why so little of publishing is matter of general knowledge is that publishers, besides being persons whose knack is not primarily for explaining themselves—if it were, they would be authors and not publishers—are busy making the motions without which their day's work cannot go on, and have no time or energy left over for interpreting their motives to a sarcastic world. As a matter of fact, the only person to whom a publisher ordinarily explains himself is an author; and since it is only a disgruntled author who ever becomes a candidate for explanations, it follows that the publisher almost never attempts a justification of his professional principles and usages except to the glassy-eyed stare of a judge who has handed down his decision before listening to the evidence, and is in no frame of mind to let the case be appealed.

The deplorable fact is that on no subject of equal moment to him is the average reading person so ignorant as he is of the process which brings a new book to his library table. An account in full of the remarkable opinions cherished about the publishing world by comparatively informed and literate Americans would fill a huge volume of the world's sourest and bitterest truth, and it would all be no less sad than funny. At the same time, it would be a devastating self-portrait of the American mind of the bookreading class, outside those of its members who are professionally involved in the production of books.

A mind-mannered elderly gentleman of professorial stamp comes into a publisher's reception-room and asks for a costly, rather specialized, and learned work in two volumes. It has unfortunately been out of print for several years, he is told. "Well, I suppose it will take you a week or ten days to print a copy for me, won't it?" he remarks. And the circumstance which astounds the book-clerk is by no means this remark, which he is used to: it is just that the customer has applied to the correct publisher, the one under whose imprint the work did appear.

A clerical-looking gentleman—it transpires that he is an Indiana country lawyer—comes escorting a manuscript. He too is mild enough—mild, but insistent. The manuscript, his own, contains proposals which have only to be exposed to the light of day to revolutionize industry, change the polities of great nations, make emperors (if any) totter on their thrones, amass a fortune for the publisher, and carry the author's name ringing down the centuries. It is gently explained to him that a personal discussion (to which the publisher looks forward with uncontrollable suspense) will be of use only *after* the manuscript has been read and pondered. In vain: he is launched upon the details of his career, and what the editor of his county paper said to the pastor of his village church about the speech which he delivered at the dedication of the Warren Gamaliel Harding Memorial School, and how in the middle of the night a mysterious voice whispered to him: "*Why don't you take it to New York yourself?*" And thereupon he falls to reading salient passages of the manuscript, each of great length. And an editor who has scores of letters to dictate, cubic yards of manuscript to read, and appointments with three important persons scheduled during the next hour and a half, suffers this fool amiably. Until, that is, he says: "Now, young man, ' don't want this read in a hurry. You take it inside, and you keep it until you see *someone who hasn't got anything to do*, and then you give it to him and tell him to read it." This—only the fool will never know—is more, much more, than can be borne. The editor arises, takes the manuscript, with firm dignity says "Good day, sir;" and, as Ambrose Bierce might put it, editorship is represented in that place by nothing more than a warm spot on a chair.

Any publishing house of moderate size could keep one fairly industrious assistant busy from morning till night, six days a week, answering the following letter, which pours in from Texas, Florida, Idaho, California (oh, very specially California), Arkansas, Maine, and the island of the sea:

Gentlemen: Herewith a set of poems for you to publish, I want them gotten out in nice style in plenty of season for the Christmas trade. (By the way, about one third of the total annual occurrence of this letter is in the single month of November). Something in a red binding would be about right and please be sure to stamp it in gold, kindly submit samples. Kindly inform what are your usual rates for poetry.

I hear it is necessary for the success of a book of poems to be reviewed in the newspapers, do you look after this or do I and will I make up the articles and send them to you or do I send them to the papers direct and if so what ones and about how long?

I am sending to you because I am told you understand how to advertise this kind of an article so to make sure it receives a big sale.

Yours respectfully,

P.S. What will you pay me and can I get it soon, this typewriter has to be settled for the Dec. 10th, I have to stay home from work because my mother is sick and four helpless children so I need every penny.

The unshakable foundation of the whole American credo of publishers and publishing, the central axiom of the entire Thirty-nine Articles of popular certainty, is this:

All publishers are scoundrels.

Believing in his own purposes, and being not more aware than others are of fell and nefarious designs, the publisher has a natural reluctance to face the cold fact of what is thought of him in the world at large. Nevertheless, he may as well face it—this calm and deeply rooted conviction which he must dislodge if he is to get any general respect for the essential dignity of his position. *All publishers are scoundrels!*

With so much for underpinning, a superstructure of fantasy is raised which would do no discredit to the invention of an old-fashioned dime novelist working overtime. Belief in any one clause of the extraordinary credo is no obstacle to believing some other clause so incompatible with it that only an American who reads the newspapers and the literature issued by promoters of mining stock could achieve both, and he only by an act of fanatical ecstasy. *Credit quia impossibile.*

For instance, the same person who believes that advertising is free, and that the morning paper is glad to run it in order to fill out its bulk so that it will look to the wayfaring citizen like two cents' worth of reading matter—you think I am making this up, but if you were a publisher you wouldn't—this same person understands quite well that publishers pay enormous sums for advertising space in certain media for the sole purpose of making sure that their own publications shall be extensively and favorably reviewed therein. With one teeming lobe of his brain the good citizen knows that publishers are lazy and lacking in initiative, that they take no interest in a book once it is issued, and rather prefer to let it perish of deliberate non-support; and with the other lobe he knows equally well that publishers secretly devote enormous energy to disposing of whole editions of fabulous size, falsifying their royalty statements the while, and cheating authors out of the butter for their bread.

It is soberly maintained (a) that publishers are always laying elaborate plans to steal each other's more famous authors by bribery, (b) that publishers won't accept the work of famous authors if they can help it, because these experienced ones drive too sharp a bargain and demand ruinous terms (sometimes they do), (c) that the publishers are banded together in a secret union to reduce authors to beggary and hence to servility by setting an agreed-upon maximum rate of payment, and setting it at the lowest possible, and (d) that a publisher will not give a reading to the work of any author whose name is not a household word. How the self-constituted critic of publishers succeeds in believing all these things at once, heaven only knows, but believe them he does, and they come forth one after another in the course of a single discussion, produced with the flourish of a conjurer eliciting a rabbit from the most guileless of hats. The same person is thoroughly persuaded, too, that any writer who has published a book lives in sybaritic ease. And he proves some of his points by saying triumphantly: "Everybody knows that a popular writer makes his big money out of the magazines; and it stands to reason that this wouldn't be so unless the publisher of his books cheated him, because a book costs $2.50 and you can buy the magazine for only twenty-five cents."

Here is how the general public believes the publishing business is conducted, as I deduce their belief from scores of hours of discussion and thousands of hours spent grappling with miscellaneous correspondence with, to, and about publishers:

A publisher manufactures a book for about twenty-five cents a copy, prices it at $2.50, and sells each and every copy for that price—the same price that the bookstore charges the customer—thus making a gross profit of $2.25 on each sale. Out of this he pays the author twenty-five cents, leaving an iniquitous net profit of $2.00 in his own pocket. Newspaper editors and literary journals pay all his running expenses by giving him large sums for the privilege of reviewing his publications in their columns—in the face of which, the publisher is so mean that he yelps with jealousy when the reviewer, being hungry, sells his advance copies to the second-hand book-shops for a few thin dimes. The book-dealers, as soon as they hear of a new publication, back their truck into the publisher's warehouse and load up, paying cash on the nail. There is no overhead, the salesmen live happily and prosperously by playing poker with each other (which suggests the aboriginal question, Who made the egg?), and all unsold stock appreciates in value with every month that it stands on the shelves or lies (rent-free, of course) at the bindery. Thus life is, for the glad publisher, one grand sweet song in a world happily devoid of middlemen's profits, remainders, over-printing, and the unpleasant necessity of trying to educe the year's profit out of an accumulation of small losses.

—In short, a very frenzy of superstition and gaudy legend, laughable enough to the by-standing connoisseur, but a little painful to the publisher as representing the public attitude of mind with which—indirectly, he thanks heaven—he has to do business.

The question is, whether it is not time for some concerted attempt to make headway against superstition, and whether for the sake of both publisher and public the attempt ought not to be made. One consideration no less idealistic than practical is that, so long as the public believes, however mistakenly, that it is paying too much for its books—being, in effect, robbed by those who make them—the public is going to buy as few, not as many, books as it can; and so long as it does that, not only does the honorable publisher suffer, but public education and civilization itself suffer.

The publisher who is worthy of his professional tradition and his imprint has this fact in common with the good author, the good teacher, the good critic: he believes with passion that books are the most satisfactory source of a livelihood in the world, and he had rather be comparatively poor with books for his job than roll in wealth as a manipulator of stocks and bonds. Fundamentally, he is a publisher for the sole reason that he loves books. If this were understood, a person here and there might interpret certain of his courses of conduct on a theory other than that of his congenital depravity. It deserves to be better understood.

In England a beginning has been made by Mr. Stanley Unwin, of the London firm of George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., the success of whose admirable book "The Truth about Publishing" at least proves that there exists in the British Isles a reasonably receptive curiosity about just these matters. It is doubtful whether Mr. Unwin's book, since Mr. Ferris Greenslet of Houghton Mifflin has translated its pounds into dollars and added notes to clarify the application of the book to American conditions, has done anything like the same service to this country. I have talked with three publishers of good standing who, six months after its publication in America, had never heard of it, though it was reviewed *in extenso* in a professional publication which they all see; and if it has not caught the attention of publishers over here, it has certainly not arrested much of the public which could profit by it.

There is still needed a corresponding volume by some American publisher of as solid repute in his calling—one who can write unsentimentally with full knowledge and who has the disposition to expose his cards face up. I should be uncommonly happy if these paragraphs were to provide someone with the smallest incentive or encouragement to supply the book which the situation mainfestly calls for.

A Great Work*

THE Encyclopædia Britannica, like the Bank of England, the jury system, and perpetual chill, is one of those things so intimately associated with England as almost to seem one of its inherent attributes. Yet one hundred years ago the Encyclopædia was still in embryo, and not until December, 1768, when the first two numbers of the hundred appearing weekly were to constitute the three volumes of the first edition that had been published, was the monumental work born that has now passed through thirteen editions and aggregates over 30,000 pages. Issued as its title page proclaimed, "by a society of gentlemen in Scotland, printed in Edinburgh for A. Bell and C. Macfarquahar, and sold by Colin Macfarquahar at his printing office in Nicholson Street," it departed from similar compendiums already in existence in that instead of splitting a subject into several independent articles it attempted to survey it as a whole. By thus making possible fairly extensive treatment, at first in the field of the arts and sciences, and later in biography, history, and the political sciences, the editors of the Encyclopædia were able to engage the interest of scholars and research workers, and especially in the sciences their work, to quote the words of the preface to the famous Ninth Edition, became "to some extent, at least, an instrument as well as a register of scientific progress." It is no small distinction, indeed, that the Britannica can claim when it can boast to have been the first work to employ the symbols which have since been universally adopted in chemistry, or to have been the medium through which Dr. Thomas Young first gave to the world the results of his interpretation of the hieroglyphics of the Rosetta Stone. Here was no mere static collection of facts, but a publication that was a challenge to scholarship.

The method of treatment which lent to the Encyclopædia Britannica the preëminence in certain fields it has never since lost was, according to his biographer, suggested by its first editor, William Smellie, a printer by trade, who, if his friends spoke truth, not only devised the plan, but also wrote or compiled the chief articles. Just how much of the Britannica form was of his propounding is, however, open to question. Indeed, Archibald Constable, who later became its owner and publisher asserts not only that Macfarquahar was its projector and the editor of its first two editions but that Smellie was merely "a contributor for hire."

Be that as it may, by 1776 the work had met with sufficient success to justify a second edition. This, completed in 1784, increased the 2,600 odd pages of the first to over 8,500, and brought the Encyclopædia into consonance with the original Greek meaning of the word as the whole system of learning by adding to the articles on the arts and sciences which had been the backbone of the first issue biographical and historical notices. As the character of the enterprise became manifest scholarship gravitated to its pages, and with the third edition, begun in 1788 and published over a period of nine years, the list of contributors began to assume impressiveness. It was in the two volume supplement to this edition, indeed, that the article by Thomas Thomson on "Chemistry" to which we have referred as the first instance of the use of symbols in that science appeared, and side by side with it stood others of large importance. Yet progressive as the Encyclopædia Britannica was in the handling of scientific material, it maintained a stubborn soberness in the face of radicalism of opinion. Thus spake Dr. Gleig, its editor, in the dedication to the king which introduced the supplement: "The French 'Encyclopédie' had been accused, and justly accused, of having disseminated far and wide the seeds of anarchy and atheism. If the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' shall in any degree counteract the tendency of that pestiferous work, even these two volumes will not be wholly unworthy of your Majesty's attention." Yet, despite this pronouncement, dispassionateness was the aim of the Britannica as the editor of the Ninth Edition, writing at a time when political, religious, and economic controversy was rending England, specifically declared.

The supplement was hardly finished when

*We print the above résumé of one of the greatest publishing achievements of history as background to the celebration of the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Encyclopædia Britannica which is about to take place.

(*Continued on next page*)

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We Are Cheerful

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To our old readers, who have known The Saturday Review since the beginning, we wish an interesting and happy New Year. To our new readers we wish the same, and hope that our acquaintance will ripen and last.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

Books of Special Interest

A Critical Study

SHAKESPEARE: ACTOR-POET. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1927.

Reviewed by Hudson Strode

University of Alabama

IT is noteworthy that since Victor Hugo the finest piece of French criticism concerning Shakespeare should come from an American-born woman, Clara Longworth de Chambrun, who for the past twenty-five years has been a citizen of France and the wife of the Count de Chambrun, great-grandson of the Marquis de Lafayette. For her *magnum opus*, which is a biographical study of England's foremost immortal, the author, a doctor of the University of Paris, was awarded the Bordin Prize by the French Academy. Under the title "Shakespeare: Actor-Poet," Mme. de Chambrun has translated her book into her native tongue and presented us with a living portrait of the great man whose real features have so often been besmudged and dislimned by the blurring confusion of scholarly bickerings. She has also raised up, from the dust of his own pedantry, the long-neglected John Florio, who did more than any other person to introduce into Elizabethan England the flowerings of the Continental Renaissance.

Upon this same erudite Florio, Mme. de Chambrun hangs the main thesis of her critique. It is to him, she proves conclusively that the small-Latined playwright owes much of his valuable and "mysterious" equipment; his knowledge of Italian and French, both in language and in culture, many sources of plot, his seeming familiarity with Tuscan towns, his aphoristic tendencies of style, and his affinity with the new humanistic philosophy of Montaigne whose spirit pervades the sentiments of Shakepeare's second period to such a tangible extent that there are more than forty parallel passages taken from Florio's excellent translation of the Philosopher of Bordeaux. Florio was to Shakespeare a living dictionary and encyclopedia, and this is the "mystery" that other critics have failed to clear up, although there are in the plays many indications that the dramatist was in close touch with an etymologist and heard much talk of definitions and synonyms. But since a slight flurry of questioning in the eighteenth century, critics have taken the attitude that "it is doubtful if the two ever met." To which shrugging, Mme. de Chambrun replies that it is inconceivable that they did not meet and that often, particularly when they were both under the patronage of Southampton at the same time. In proof, she proceeds to pile up her thorough and exhaustive documentation. After a close comparison of the writings of the two men (when she had completed her collection of the Italian's works), she discovered not only what each had gained from the other, including fifteen of the proverbs from the First Fruits bodily adopted by the poet, but the fact that there was some jealousy and contention between them as well as friendship. When Shakespeare good-humouredly caricatured the professor in the character of Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost," the pedant retaliated by venting his spleen bitterly in an Epistle to the Reader (Appendix C).

Besides offering uncontrovertible evidence of the direct Florio-Shakespeare connection, the author settles pretty conclusively the identity of Mr. W. H. in Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. And after routing all other unconscious claimants to the somewhat anomalistic honor of being the Dark Lady, she leaves little doubt in our minds that the inspirer of the latter half of the sonnets was none other than Mistress Davenant, hostess of the Oxford tavern and mother of Sir William Davenant, godson of Shakespeare and poet-laureate. The most valuable of the "external" proofs which the author presents in support of this hypothesis is to be found in the curious pamphlet signed from Oxford by Hadrian Dorell. This document contains the first printed allusion to Shakespeare as an *author*, and it is an enlightening travesty on the characters and story contained in the sonnets.

In a searching chapter called The Romance of Friendship and Love Mme. de Chambrun shows how one must turn to the sonnets rather than to the plays for the dramatic autobiography of the poet's heart and soul. It is here that he reveals the beauty and the tragedy, the passion and jealousy and torturing misery of his own love and romantic friendship.

When the author discusses the playwright's stagecraft, she reminds us that he was, like Molière, guided throughout by his experience of the psychology of the audience. His strength and his weakness are, of course, contained in his preoccupation to please the public. His craftsmanship must necessarily be considered with the limitations of the Elizabethan stage in mind, the technical deficiencies of inadequate lighting and a narrow, curtainless platform. The clown parts which sometimes seem out of place in the tragedies were written not only to meet the public demand but to supply rôles for William Kempe, one-third owner of the stock of the company, who as the funniest actor of his day disputed prime popularity with the great Burbage himself.

In and out of the tapestry of Shakespeare's life, the biographer has woven the golden threads and the tarnished threads of the charming Southampton's career, for she believes rightly that the study of the poet's hero is essential to our knowledge of the poet himself. And so, in examining Wriothesley's reputation and family and place in the world, the author brings into the scene many interesting personages who most probably served as models for the dramatist's heroes and heroines: the gallant and unfortunate Essex, to whom the young Earl was romantically attached; his sister, the dashing Penelope Devereux, and his sweet and gentle cousin, Elizabeth Vernon, whom Southampton married. These two ladies might have posed for the portraits of Portia and Rosalind, and Desdemona and Ophelia, respectively, as the Dark Lady unquestionably did for Cleopatra.

In discussing the latter masterpiece of characterization, Mme. de Chambrun applauds Shakespeare's daring in presenting the heroine of a love drama "when her amorous life was on the decline," and she says "when Cleopatra was over forty." This is not quite correct, for the great Egyptian died at thirty-nine, and the action of the play is generally supposed to extend over a period of ten years—from 40 B. C. to the day of the Queen's death in the year 30 B. C. It seems to me that the dramatist did an infinitely more daring thing when he made the eloquent Juliet a child of fourteen. On page 70 in speaking of *Kent's* injustice to Edgar the author undoubtedly meant to write *Gloster*. These are insignificant errors indeed, and it is perhaps ungracious of me to refer to them, considering the monumental and vast deal of invaluable material the author has presented so attractively.

Notwithstanding the scholarship of the most painstaking order with which the volume is steeped, Mme. de Chambrun has given us a thrilling and glamorous biography. To my mind it is the most vivid and authentic portraiture of Stratford's actor-poet-gentleman that has yet been drawn.

The Art of Worship

MODERN WORSHIP. By Van Ogden Vogt. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927.

Reviewed by H. Adye Prichard

St. Mark's Church, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

IT is assumed in this volume that form stimulates vitality, that the sight of actions and the hearing of sounds which at one time sprang from the awakening of a deep impulse do still tend to revive the impulse from which they were originally generated. It is a good assumption, and, as far as one can judge, true of human nature. And, when once it is made and accepted, it sets the whole meaning of the act of worship in a new and helpful light.

Worship is a drama. Drama exists to accentuate human feeling. An audience laughs or weeps because the actors, by speech and performance, remind it of what it is accustomed to do in real life when presented with similar conditions and situations. So a congregation is inspired by the representation of a martyr's heroism or the singing of a martial hymn; it is rendered penitent and contrite by the story of great suffering incurred at the spur of love given by the stronger to the weaker, the more worthy to the less worthy; it is roused to work by the intimate knowledge of a worker, to a divine gentleness by the memorial of a gentle deed.

And so the worship of the Church—increasingly in all branches of the Church, even the most Protestant—is consciously being enriched, Mr. Vogt thinks, in order to take in the whole gamut of Christian experience. A Church service should be, and sometimes is, a dramatic whole, carefully proportioned and artistically shaped, excluding nothing that can devotionally be used to satisfy and arouse the religious inclination. It may be, of course, much more. It may aim to produce in people the manifestation of feeling that is not usually called religious. But the direction of that path is as yet modern, and, to the orthodox, displeasing. One has but to remember the torrent of abuse that showered upon the head of one prominent New York City Rector who tried, wisely as some thought, to show that God might be approached through color and rhythm. There are uncharted ways—and there are ships of discovery. Worship is in essence a celebration. It should be a comprehensive celebration of the ways of God with man and man with God.

Churches, Mr. Vogt thinks, can more and more be brought together as the one common element of worship, in all its various forms, comes to be recognized. A Community Church might be produced to represent the mass social religious experience. It should not be done, as it usually is today, by stripping the component churches down to an unadorned common denominator: it must be done by the addition of all that is true and helpful in each. Truly a splendid dream. This wise book may help it to become true.

A Great Work

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a fourth edition was under way. This, begun in 1800 and finished in 1810, filled twenty volumes. Immediately upon its completion, a fifth, a mere reprint was undertaken, but unfortunately the good business judgment which had hitherto directed the fortunes of the Encyclopædia failed, and it was so badly mismanaged that at last the whole property was brought into the market by public sale. It was purchased by Constable for between £13,000 and £14,000 to a chorus of gloomy prophecies. "It was said by the wise booksellers of Edinburgh and others," wrote the purchaser, "that I had completely ruined myself and all connected with me by a purchase to such an enormous amount; this was early in 1818." The work was extremely successful.

Shortly after his acquisition of the Encyclopædia Britannica Constable began to prepare for a supplement of four or five volumes. Having arranged for articles from some of the leading authorities in various fields, in order to insure the accuracy of the work he submitted the Encyclopædia to scholars for criticism, and then prepared and had set up a prospectus which he sent to Dugald Stewart for comment. The latter handed it over to Playfair, who "returned it next day very much improved," receiving therefor "six dozen of very fine old sherry." In pursuance of his plan for complete authoritativeness Constable determined to have two editors, one for the purely literary and the other for the scientific articles. He desisted, however, when Dr. Thomas Brown declined the literary editorship on the ground that "he preferred writing trash of poetry to useful and lucrative employment," and vested the editorship in Macvey Napier. In 1826 when Constable was forced to suspend business the Encyclopædia Britannica passed out of his possession. He had, however, securely started it on the path which with the appearance of the famous Ninth Edition made it a truly noble achievement.

Begun in 1875 and completed in 1899, and published by A. & C. Black, this edition was substantially a new work the calibre of which was evidenced by the list of its contributors. Such names as Walter Scott (who laid aside "Waverley" to write the article "Chivalry" for his friend and publisher, Constable), Ricardo, Malthus, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Macaulay, and Herschel had already lent lustre to the work. Now were added to them such others as Matthew Arnold, Sir William Crooks, Francis Darwin, Haldane, Huxley, Jebb, Jevons, Morley, Robert Louis Stevenson, to quote but a few, and those of such Americans as Edwin L. Godkin, Gen. McClellan, Henry Cabot Lodge, Whitelaw Reid, and others.

With the Eleventh Edition the control of the Encyclopædia Britannica passed to Cambridge University from the press of which institution the thirteenth and last edition was issued. That edition marks a new epoch in a notable tradition in the inclusion of so large an amount of American material as to make this great work Anglo-Saxon instead of predominantly British.

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"Cette étude, d'une lucidité parfaite et d'une clarté géométrique, s'élève souvent au point de vue de la phychologie des peuples, elle explique si bien les mouvements d'opinion, les manières de vivre contres lesquelles les romanciers américains protestent, que les critiques littéraires ne peuvent l'ignorer."—*JOSEPH AYNARD* in *Journal des Debats*

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"This is one of the best, the wisest, the fairest, and the most entertaining books about America that has yet been written. It is witty, but the wit is never either cheap or superficial; it arises out of the penetration and truthfulness of the writer's thought."—*Economist*

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ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED has been in the United States half a dozen times. On his last visit in 1925 he toured nearly every State in the Union on behalf of the Musée Social at whose request the present volume has been written. In addition to his academic connection he has, since the armistice, been attached to the French Foreign Office as an economic expert, in which capacity he has taken part in various meetings of the League of Nations and Inter-allied conferences at Brussels, Barcelona and Genoa.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN IN CONCRETE. By T. P. BENNETT. Oxford University Press. 1927. $10.

This is the first time that any very considerable number of buildings in concrete have been illustrated in a single book; and the manifold uses to which the material can be put, and its remarkable plastic quality are very fully brought forth. The illustrations are from sources all over the world without a preponderance of the designs of any one country, and perhaps the most interesting feature in the book is the discovery (not entirely new) that the American architects have for the most part been content with reproducing the decorative motives of historic stone design in the new material, while the European architects have made a very conscious effort to let the design spring from the material. This has not always been successful and perhaps for sheer pictorial effect some of the American designs would rank the highest; on the other hand, the many excellent California examples of adaptations from the Mexican architecture teach us nothing new, while even the oppressively ugly Einstein monument indicates a freshness of thought not common in this country; and the best of the European examples, as for example the well known Le Raincy church in Paris, and the Water Power Station in Finsing, Bavaria, the admirable Radio Tower at Kootwyk, Holland, to speak of only a few, represent buildings whose true value is not immediately appreciated because of their departure from familiar forms. It is the type of book which would be interesting to all architects not entirely concerned with tradition, and to those of the general public who are interested in the development of modern art.

TOWARDS A NEW ARCHITECTURE. By LECORBUSIER. Payson & Clarke. 1927. $6.

This book will be welcomed rather by those who feel that every succeeding period should produce its own architecture, and that this period being a mechanistic one, should produce designs of mechanistic quality, than by the architect whose chief concern is to solve a problem and not to exploit a thesis.

M. LeCorbusier points out the noteworthy fact that automobiles, airplanes, engines, and other machinery have been designed and refined into beautiful and unprecedented objects as well as things of utility. The parallel with architecture is, however, not completely clear. People have always lived in houses, worshipped in temples, gathered in halls, and worked in shops. To assume that because the manner in which they work is somewhat changed, the whole style of architecture should likewise be revised, does not seem entirely just. On the other hand, M. LeCorbusier's book does bring to attention very strongly the fact that the complete solution of any architectural problem of today can hardly be made within the limits of a particular style, and the observer will welcome a less complete dependence upon the traditional architecture than there is at present in this country while regretting the entire absence in traditional forms which marks the newer European architecture.

The method in which the book is put together is somewhat annoying,—the very free use of italics, pointing out conclusions or indicating a sort of text for the sermon which follows, may attract the attention of careless readers, but to the interested student of our art, it seems both annoying and unnecessary.

Biography

THE PRINCESS DES URSINS. By MAUD CRUTWELL. Dutton. 1927.

The Princess des Ursins was without doubt a most important and extraordinary figure in the history of Europe during the War of the Spanish Succession. Through the influence which she wielded over Phillipe V and his first wife, she virtually ruled Spain for years, waged its wars, conducted its foreign policy, and kept Louis from allowing its dismemberment by the Allies in order to save his own waning fortunes. But aside from her importance in political history, the character of the Princess forms a most interesting study. She was a woman in whom ambition was an absorbing passion, before which all other considerations faded away. She aspired to be dictatress and even Queen of Spain, to rival if not to excel Madame de Maintenon in her place by the side of Louis XIV, and when these failed her, she strove to secure by the terms of the treaties of 1715 a small principality or sovereignty which she might own and rule herself.

The biography by Miss Crutwell is a thorough and scholarly piece of work, based upon sources throughout. Her estimate of the Princess at first seems high, but is not contradicted by the documents. Many of these documents are printed in full. In fact, in her introduction Miss Crutwell states that her first intention was to have gathered all the documents together and "without comment or criticism" to have "let them speak for themselves." She has not done this but has printed many more documents than appear in the usual biography. Her method has certain advantages and many of these documents appear for the first time in English. At the same time, the general reader is forced to digest a large amount of source material which might perhaps have been summarized for him by the author.

LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE LIGNE. Translated by LEIGH ASHTON. Brentano's. 1927. $4.

In this volume of the Broadway Library of Eighteenth Century French Literature are contained selections from the letters, memoirs, and other writings of Charles Joseph Lamoral de Ligne, prince of the Holy Roman Empire. He was a familiar and well-liked figure in the courts of Europe during the last twilight years of the Old Régime. In the brilliant and sophisticated circle around Louis XV there was none more brilliant and sophisticated than he, while later he was a favorite with Marie Antoinette. He was equally at home at Vienna, where he had been a court chamberlain since the age of fifteen, and where Maria Theresa more than once grew angry at him, only to relent and receive him back in favor. It is even reported that in Russia the great Catherine honored him with her attentions. The Prince lived long enough, however, to be able to remark of the Congress of Vienna that it "fiddles but there is no performance," and it was written of him after his death that he would be missed in Europe greatly "for at heart he was a good man."

To be cynical and sardonic, to be a dilettante in literature, to admire Rousseau and the Philosophes with a fatal obliviousness to what the "Law of Nature" portended, and to be able to make epigrams were marks of the eighteenth century courtier. The Prince de Ligne was in actuality what many others would have liked to have been. His *bons mots* were famous, his company solicited, his butterfly existence a symbol of his environment.

The Prince wrote a great deal during his life, and on many subjects. He was always a great student of military campaigns and served often in the field himself. He also composed a treatise on gardens, and found time for correspondence wherein many of his cleverest remarks are found. "I can amuse myself well enough, but I am obliged to weary myself by amusing those who cannot amuse themselves," he once wrote. He gives a most entertaining account of a week which he once spent with Voltaire at Ferney. In his Memoirs, in which truth does not figure greatly, he shows a fine taste for whimsy. He relates, for example, with the utmost seriousness, how he went into his lovely forest one fine evening to do a little shooting. He saw one old buck-rabbit, leisurely completing his toilet at the mouth of his burrow who, seeing the Prince aiming at him, said: "Go on, fire. What are you waiting for?" The Prince exclaimed that the old rabbit was a magician. "Not at all," replied Bunny. "I am one of La Fontaine's old rabbits, who am bored with my present existence because rabbits nowadays, unlike the rabbits of my youth, prefer roses to cabbage leaves." The Prince obligingly promised to take care of him and any of his friends still alive.

This volume is a careful selection from the more complete edition of the Prince de Ligne's works, and for the ordinary reader will prove far more satisfactory, as much of what the Prince wrote has long since lost its flavor for the modern reader.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN RICHARD STRAUSS AND HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. Translated by Paul England. Knopf. $4.

THE MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE. Translated by Arthur K. Griggs. Cosmopolitan. 2 vols.

(*Continued on page 492*)

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 13. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best sonnet on Mayor Thompson beginning with the line "Lincoln, thou shouldst be living at this hour." (Entries should be mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, not later than the morning of January 9th.)

Competition No. 14. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best "Ballade of American Periodicals" with the refrain "He (I, or We) read (s) *The Saturday Review*." (Entries should be mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 16th.)

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

Will F. H. G., of Pasadena, Cal., who won the prize in the Sixth Competition, please send his name and address to the Editor?

THE NINTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best Christmas Carol in the American vernacular.

THE PRIZEWINNING CAROL

WON BY J. A. S. B.

COME on, y' bimboes, sick, lame and lazy,
Snap out o' your hop, don't say a dam' word—
Break 'at date with your Sheba, your Maude or your Maisie—
Git down on your knees, you God Dam' sinners,
Down on your knees, you dice-game winners;
Come on, y' bimboes, an' honor Yer Lord.

Youse don't believe in angels, Hell, can't youse hear 'em singin'?
They're all a-flyin' round 'Im like chickens in a yard.
Their feathers is a-flutterin' as they go right by me singin'.
Git down on your knees, you God Dam' sinners,
Down on your knees, you dice-game winners;
Come an' come a-runnin' to honor Yer Lord.

An' don't fergit 'Is Mother, 'Is Mary, Full o' Grace—
Say a prayer to 'Is Lady,—She ain't so hard—
Pity, Hope, an' Comfort all's written in Her face.
Git down on your knees, you God Dam' sinners,
Down on your knees, you dice-game winners;
Come on, y' bimboes, an' honor Yer Lord.

Praise 'Im, Adore 'Im, the Babe in the Manger—
Be yer sins as red as scarlet, yet hope in Yer Lord;
Not one o' God's creechers is to the Babe a stranger.
Git down on your knees, you God Dam' sinners,
Down on your knees, you dice-game-winners;
Come an' come a-runnin' to honor Yer Lord.

The vigor and variety of the American vernacular—perhaps the richest in the modern world—were not sufficiently exploited by the majority of this week's competitors. Several, notably Herbert H. Hines, Isabel Fiske Conant, L. P. Sawn, C. N. Smiley, and A. Mountwhate, wrote good carols in more or less plain literary English. Peri-Odic, W. L. Cossar, and some others wrote modern carols full of allusions to Christmas shopping, cabarets, radio, depleted bank accounts, and what not; but they forgot to employ the vernacular. Thum, Kurt M. Stein, Homer N. Parsons, and Helen Hillbrook all plunged into deeper streams of dialect than the prize-winner. But J. A. S. B. takes our fifteen dollars because his carol was the only one that recaptured the essential reverence and tenderness of the old tradition. Nevertheless Thum's amusing burlesque of "While shepherds watched their flocks" must be printed. A clumsy third line mars the first stanza. But the rest is excellent.

A bunch of dumb bell shepherds
Sat out in the fields all night,
Because their sheep'd croak—see?—
If no one watched 'em right.

And as they sat and wise-cracked,
Each springing his best line,
The whole sky busted open—
Oh boy, but it looked fine!

A bunch of angels singing
As if they'd bust a lung,
Flew by on big white flippers,
And wig-wagged bells that rung.

They flew to a dinky burg there,
And stopped at a little shack,
With shepherds hot-foot after,
And not a one looked back.

And there they found the Kiddie,
A-smiling cute and still,
And sleeping by His Mammy—
Those shepherds got a thrill!

And so they took their hats off
And tried some singing too,
Made Christmas be their big day,
As 'tis for me and you.

"Thum."

Kurt M. Stein made a brief excursion into jazz.

Does your ear seem to hear rhythms queer in the rear
Of your shack? That's us.
We appear, oozing cheer for the year, only we're
Syncopaters plus.
We wanna tell yah
We're gonna sell yah
This Yuletide, this cool tide
This good old golden-rule tide. . . .

But it ended lamely. Homer M. Parsons, who always makes a high bid for the prize, offered a carol that must be printed in full.

What's that light in the East I see?
How come the night ain't black?
It's the Hallelujah Special a-comin' for me,
Comin' down the glory track.
It ain't no star—it's the headlight glowin';
Listen to the engine roar!
Climb on, Brother, we're all of us goin'
—Bound for the Glory Shore!

What's that voice in the night I hear
Out on the world so still?
It's the Angel of the Lord at a station right near,
Broadcastin' peace and good will.
There ain't no fuss if you're hooked up proper.
'Liminate the static—so;
Tune in, Brother, and don't try to stop 'er
—Out o' God's radio.

What's that joy in my heart I feel
Clean from my hat to shoes?
It's the heavenly Black Bottom itchin' your heel.
You got the Noel Blues.
You want to dance and shout Hallelujah?
What! And hungry kids go lean?
Kick loose, Brother! What's $10 to you?
Christmas is here! Come clean!

He might have rhymed "youse" with "blues" in the last verse. But J. A. S. B., I think, is even better and I wish *The Saturday Review* could offer a prize for a tune worthy of his words.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. **Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.**

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from page* 490)

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN LOCKE AND EDWARD CLARKE. Harvard University Press.

LETTERS OF CLARA SCHUMANN AND JOHANNES BRAHMS. Edited by Berthold Litzmann. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $12.

A SPLENDID GYPSY: JOHN DREW. By *Peggy Wood*. Dutton. $1.

THE LETTERS OF RICHARD STEELE. By *R. Brimley Johnson*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Fiction

FLOWERING QUINCE. By DOROTHY VAN DOREN. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

Dorothy Van Doren's second novel makes a complete swing of the pendulum away from her first. "Strangers" dealt with a number of ultra-modern people very much given to discussion of all possible lines of action, while "Flowering Quince" devotes itself to a single, almost silent, heroine who surely belongs in an earlier day. The story of Emily Ann of "Flowering Quince" is a story of suppression. The mother of Emily Ann, thirty-nine when her only child is born, was an ill and broken woman suppressed by poverty, circumstances, and a humorless husband until all the love of beauty in her became focused on the titular japonica bush; the father was a narrow, niggardly clergyman suppressed by his beliefs and his lack of imagination. The daughter grows to starved and suppressed womanhood unconscious of the factors which have so impoverished her life.

This is not the first study of emotional isolation in young womanhood. May Sinclair and Ruth Suckow have very effectively probed into this fear of love and life that comes as a result of early emotional suppression. Mrs. Van Doren has been content to stay nearer the surface of the conscious than have Miss Sinclair and Miss Suckow. The experience of Emily Ann which causes her first sensitive withdrawal from life seems almost too slight to have made so deep an impression. Granted that her life up until this time had prepared a fertile ground for such reaction, even so the overseen encounter between teacher and lover in the school-room is too formal and harmless a thing to make a plausible keystone for all the sexual repression that is built upon it. It is usually uglier scenes than this that set the emotional time-clock back. The earlier part of "Flowering Quince" is much fuller and more satisfactory than the later. After Emily Ann becomes "Miss Tanner" even to the author, she loses her reality and seems to have no life between her appearances in the story. Emily Ann might paraphrase Fanny Brice and say, "I'm a good woman but awfully bad company." She lacks the charm to make her story poignant.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Illustrated by Frank C. Pape. McBride. 1927. $5.

This is a new illustrated edition of a well known book of Cabell's. "Jurgen" and other volumes of his have already appeared in editions illustrated by Frank C. Pape, as have a number of volumes by Anatole France. Pape is in great demand at present as an illustrator of the erudite and fantastic. He has a good deal of originality. He has done well by "The Cream of the Jest," even though the end-papers are rather wooden. His twelve full page drawings are, in general, satisfactory, his head and tail pieces for the most part amusing. Cabell's book itself is too well known to need a new review here. This edition is gracefully introduced by Harold Ward, with "A Note on Lichfield" by Cabell himself.

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THE MUSIC MAKERS. By MURRELL EDMUNDS. Vinal. 1927.

The author of this novel is a Southerner, a Virginian, a native of Lynchburg, in which city this story is laid. He is one of the younger writers of the South who will bear watching. His story is a story of temperamental musicians, of musical talent descending from father to son and from father to daughter, in contrasted cases. Herr Krauss and his son Konrad, Johannes Schwarz, Henry Wadsworth and his daughter Mary are the principal characters. The tale is a tragedy, a story of frustration for everyone. It is not too well constructed, the handling is, in general, but mediocre; yet there is sensitivity and artistic sympathy in it and an evident desire to present life without compromise. It is the type of story that such a writer as Robert Nathan might have chosen, but his style in treating it would, naturally, have been far more distinguished. Mr. Edmunds writes simply and without affectation, but his technique is susceptible of great improvement. From the manner in which he has executed this piece of work, however, we are led to hope that his next novel will show a decided advance in the actual writing; for he is proceeding in the right direction; he is writing of the place and of the people that he knows.

FANCY LADY. By HOMER CROY. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

In his usual broad, vigirous strokes, Mr. Croy has pictured the effect of agnosticism, 1927 style, upon the representative Missouri town of Junction City. His novel is not impressive as a piece of art; but as a social document, and as a present-day supplement to such books of a generation ago as Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere" and Mrs. Deland's "John Ward, Preacher," it has considerable interest. Mr. Croy knows the Middle West well, and it is evident that he has given especial study to the tides of liberal thought which are sweeping through that section, and to which the fundamentalist excesses are a desperate reaction.

The author's very lack of delicacy and finish, the brassiness of his effects, contribute something to the journalistic value of his book. We do not thoroughly believe in his characters, who are drawn without subtlety; while some of his big scenes are decidedly stagey. But we do believe in the forces whose play in once staid and devout prairie communities he sketches. His heroine is a woman-evangelist named Zella, and his hero is her up-standing, ambitious son, for whose college education she pinches every penny. By this college education the serpent enters Zella's garden. First the boy, falling in with scientifically trained undergraduates and instructors who treat most of the Bible as a collection of myths, loses his faith. Too sincere to conceal his change of mind from his mother, he attempts to convert her to his new point of view, with only too much success. The climax of the novel comes when Zella, chosen to make the dedicatory address at the opening of the new Radio Church in Junction City, finds the old phrases choking in her throat, and astounds thousands of hearers, visible and invisible, by launching into a scathing indictment of the Christian dogmas. She is temporarily more than an agnostic—she is an atheist.

From this climax Mr. Croy, who possesses marked technical skill, draws the story onward to a happy and credible though highly conventional ending. His hero and heroine cannot be left stumbling in the morasses of doubt. The orthodox device to rescue them is a bereavement, and this is easily managed; the boy has no sooner married than his splendid wife is torn from him by a sudden infection. Over her dead body, metaphorically speaking, he and his mother decide that God does exist, that mankind does need religion, and that their revolt has been too much like the gesture of a small boy thumbing his nose at a crucifix. The young man finds himself quoting Bacon: "A little philosophy brings man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy brings man's mind to religion." Upon the artistic value of this ending, as of the sub-plot which relates Zella's love affair with the judge, we may be skeptical. Nevertheless, the story has the merit of showing with much skill and vigor just how the attitude of great parts of the West toward old-school sectarianism is altering, and how social and moral horizons alter with it.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

JUNGLE JOHN. By JOHN BUDDEN. Longmans, Green. 1927. $2.50.

Each year new recruits advance in hordes to seek the "bubble of reputation" at the hands of that most critical, and least easily influenced of all audiences, our children. Among those to fare forth this year is "Jungle John," written by John Budden. It is the tale of a small boy's adventures in the jungle of Central India, whither he has come from a hill station of Northern India to spend the cold season with his father, who is a Forest Officer. The boy meets with adventures of varying intensity, and from the manner in which both beast and man are described it is obvious that the author speaks from many years' experience. There is no more interesting life for those whose tastes lie in that direction, than that of Forest Officer in India or Burma. Any normal boy after reading "Jungle John" should lament that fate had not provided him with a parent in the Indian Forest Service.

LITTLE SISTER. By MARGARET KYLE. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

These little stories all about one small girl first appeared in *John Martin's Magazine*, we are told in an introduction by John Martin in person. They are written in that well-known style of a grown-up remembering childhood—short, rather fervid sentences marking the progress of details. The material belongs to the ordinary round of any little girl's life. In short, if Little Sister had not happened to be present, these stories would have developed readily into the what - Little - Somebody - did-every-day type. But Little Sister was present! The serious quaintness of childhood, its timidity before grown-up facts, its dependence on grown-up sympathy, all these and many more characteristics of the eternal child arrive with Little Sister, transforming daily happenings into things near and intimately new. There is a minute to minute quality about all that Little Sister sees and hears and does that is certainly close to the heart of child-life. Years are as yet unknown, even hours are disregarded marks on the clock—a charming age!

We are told that children love this tale. Certainly a reading mother will give her affection to the small heroine, but will children want to absent themselves from the streaming of their own minutes for anything so like these minutes? However this may be, the author's feeling for what is inside a little girl's mind is positively uncanny: without aid of a psychologist, we feel the truth of Little Sister. A queer book, usual in many ways, but unusual as a whole!

THE BOY'S BUSY BOOK. By CHELSEA FRASIER. Crowell. 1927. $2.50.

Many illustrations, diagrams, and good clear explanations of just how to make various articles within the range of young manual workers make this "Boy's Busy Book" an excellent "silent instructor" for the youth of from ten years to almost any age. What can be made of wood takes up the greater part of the volume, but leather and metal come in for a share, and even concrete and radio parts—all very practical and interestingly presented. From his experience in teaching manual training in the public schools of Grand Rapids Mr. Frasier tells us that he finds the best students are those who have worked independently at home, and that nothing is better for a boy than a work bench in a corner, a book of instructions, and a command "to get busy." Certainly Mr. Frasier's book will be a great help to any parent trying to carry out the author's advice.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH. By PADRAIC COLUM. Macmillan. 1927. $1.75.

The Irish lilt, with short sentences lifting with the breath, or longer ones riding a breath restive as a held horse, always has the human voice in it. We could not help but tell these stories again if we read them once—the subtitle is scarcely needed. However, the author has taken the pains to adapt them especially for telling from his various books. He himself first heard his country's antique tales "by the light o' a candle and a peat fire," and an interesting essay appended attests his love for the ancient art of story-telling, which he believes still has a place in our lives. But before these words are cast on the waiting ear, let eyes enjoy the very striking and intelligently fitting decorative illustrations by Jay Everen.

THE HEPZIBAH HEN BOOK. By OLWEN BOWEN. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

Perhaps no books slip and fall down quite so often as books for younger children, past the Mother Goose stage of their literary careers. "Hepzibah Hen," then, deserves the more praise for pecking her way triumphantly about the farmyard—overworked scene of a thousand juveniles—at the head of such a fresh and merry company as that including Gertie Grunter, Chirabelle Chicken, Cuthbert Cockerel, etc. Sheila Sheep decides to "shingle" her wool and Gertie Grunter is so afraid of being called greedy that she misnames her green-apple malady the toothache, both with absurd sequences. There is a really good joke at the center of each little story. The writing is as clear as the print, and the many little pictures are exceedingly jolly. This is certainly one of the cheeriest books that has appeared this season, harking back as it does to animals plus humor, a formula which has pleased the child from time immemorial. Animals minus humor have been too numerous since books and farmyards alike suffered standardization!

This is not a book written in short words. It is for reading aloud to children in their sixes and sevens. Here is its first appearance in print, but already it has been said aloud to thousands of children over the radio. The first-hand quality of a story designed for telling is probably primarily responsible for its refreshing manner.

SAMBO AND SNITCH. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Appleton. 1927. $2.50.

In so many children's books the story that ought to be there for structural support if for no other reason seems to have been carelessly left out. Instead, there is a hodge-podge of incidents which please by their kaleidoscopic quality but after a few turns of the tube become monotonous because of their too infinite variety. Here is a real story, founded clearly on one fact, the perfectly natural if magical friendship between a very English small boy and a lizard. The story in this case develops not so much by incidents as by accumulative imagination. Each little event increases Sambo's sensitiveness to the world of nature surrounding the every-day world of man. Little Snitch teaches him new awareness by the simple method of experience. Simple, that is, if somehow you can be made tiny enough to climb up a cow's horn. "The long curve of the slippery horns swept up to the stars like immense toboggan runs." But even without diminishment, Sambo learns and learns. There is no taint of didacticism—just an exciting grasp of the fancy on worlds within worlds, enhanced by much winning dialogue and a quaintly true friendship. "I love you—I do, really," says Sambo to Snitch, and who wouldn't love the darting little personality? This is a book that children are likely to remember, surely, when they see their next lizard, but most likely before and after also.

NIP AND TUCK IN TOYLAND. By LEILA CROCHERON FREEMAN. Sears, 1927. $2.50.

Here we have two little beings, compounded elves and brownies, wandering about in Toyland under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus. The fanciful material is not original—toys and tools come alive—but the use that is made of it is full of clever little surprises. The narrative is not cluttered by too rapidly shifting adventures as is so often the case in attempts to catch a child's attention, nor is the context too difficult, on the other hand, for children's holding. The thing that stays in the reviewer's mind is the quick naturalness of the dialogue, of which there is much without any hindrance of the story. "What I always try to figure is: *how can I give all the children in the world what they want,*" says Santa. The make up is large with clear print and vividly black-and-colored full page illustrations by the author supplemented by many smaller black-and-white pictures. Altogether this is a satisfactory book, a relief after the jumbled varieties that appear too often.

PIRATE PLUNDER. By *Frank E. Potts*. Harpers. $1.75.

THE LOST CARAVAN. By *W. A. Rogers*. Harpers. $1.75.

INDIAN HISTORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS. By *F. S. Drake*. Harpers. $3.

UNKNOWN TO HISTORY. By *Charlotte M. Yonge*. Harpers. $2.50.

WITH LA SALLE THE EXPLORER. By *Virginia Watson*. Harpers. $2.50.

RED PLUME RETURNS. By *Edward H. Williams*. Harpers. $1.75.

THE MYSTERY OF SAINT'S ISLAND. By *Harriette R. Campbell*. Harpers. $1.75.

JIM SPURLING, TRAWLER. By *Albert W. Tolman*. Harpers. $1.75.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A young lady in Boston, dissatisfied with the style and manner of her own letters, asked the advice of a reader of this department on models of ease and facile beauty in modern informal letters; the request is relayed to me.

SUPPOSING I had ever time to write personal letters, and supposing that my pen balked and ink stiffened my ideas, I would get out a copy of the "Letters of James Gibbons Huneker" (Scribner), read along until I had gathered momentum from his style, and swing past my inhibitions into what would be, I hope, a straightforward, unaffected letter. This supposition is purely academic, for with the correspondence of this department what it is, I see no immediate prospect of getting a chance to write any personal letters at all. But I used to keep the letters of Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield at hand to get me over hitches when I was younger, and I am sure that anyone could make a flying leap out of the pages of "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" (Scribner). Letters to children are more often than not models of informal correspondence—such as survive into print, that is: some of the best of these have been collected by Stella Center and Lillian Saul in a most entertaining little book, "A Book of Letters for Young People" (Century). Susan Hale's letters are delightful (Marshall Jones), and those of Louise Imogen Guiney (Harper, 2 vols.) are models of the kind that most people want to get—that is, letters that tell the receiver what he really wants to know, whatever in his case that may be. John B. Opdyck has made a collection of famous letters relating to life and to the art of composition, "The Literature of Letters" (Lyons, Chicago) and Brimley Johnson, who edited the letters of Sterne, of Steele, and of other great ones, has made a collection of "Bluestocking Letters" (Lane) by lesser-known but sufficiently interesting ladies, which make good reading. The volume by George Saintsbury, "A Letter Book" (Harcourt, Brace), is a garnering of wide, rich fields: the pleasantest collection, though, is "The Gentlest Art," by E. V. Lucas, and its companion, "The Second Post" (Macmillan), but these have faded out of print in this country. Byron Rees has made a collection of "Nineteenth Century Letters" (Scribner) in the Modern Students' Library series. Observing that the cards in public libraries giving the titles of books on how to write letters are invariably dogeared by constant consulting, I add that among these books there is a little one by M. O. Crowther, "The Book of Letters" (Doubleday, Page), which gives undogmatic hints and models for various purposes, including telegrams. No one, however, in dealing with the last-named subject, treats the important matter of what to do with the words usually left at one's disposal when sending a night-letter. The impulse to use these up—usually in a weak joke that the operator wrecks in transmission—is too strong for any but an iron mind.

My own pets in the correspondence line are the "Fugger News Letters" (Putnam, first and second series). These are trade reports of the most varied character, picked up by the correspondents of the great merchant House of Fugger toward the end of the sixteenth century. It may be a miracle in Bohemia that one man reports, or the murder of the Guises, the execution of Mary Stuart or of Count Egmont, the birth of the Antichrist, the exploits of the latest alchemist and the details of the newest murder—it is all grist that comes to the Fugger mill. It is, in a word, much the same sort of material for history as afforded by Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribner).

V. O., New York, asks what books have been lately published for women about personal beauty and its enhancement.

WHEN I was a little girl there was a book lying about the house called "The Ugly-Girl Papers:" in modest and all but apologetic chapters it suggested how to treat freckles, how many hundred strokes the hair should nightly receive, and in general, what to do about your face to keep it from becoming a public nuisance. What a change is there, now that we are attended by so many specialists in what I have just seen described—on a shop-window—as "facial æsthetics"! The assumption is now that whatever your face may be, it is your duty to do something to it, and a special literature is taking shape around this practice. Of those that I have read I like best "Any Girl Can be Good Looking," by Hazel Cades (Appleton). It is for girls at the time of life when the impulse to this form of self-improvement breaks in its first full force, and it seems to me to give sound and sensible advice throughout; its strong point is choice of clothes and cultivation of poise and carriage, but it does not pass by the details of good grooming nor leave complexions uncorrected. "Beauty and Health," by Lois Leeds and Hilda Kaji (Lippincott) is for older readers, old enough to have some reason to count calories at least, and to these it offers recipes and diagrams and advice in careful detail. It has even, in addition to any number of "beauty treatments," a special section devoted to overcoming an inferiority complex, followed by suggestions on curing oversensitiveness. All books on personal beauty now remind the reader that there is a basal distinction between theatrical make-up and that suitable for society or the street, but Helena Chalmers's "The Art of Make-up" (Appleton), a standard work on the subject in general, sets aside a special chapter for open-air facial fresco, devoting the main part of the book to make-up for the theatre and the movies.

J. J., Jr., New York, asks for the best criticism and explanation now obtainable of the writings of Spinoza, "as it seems impossible to obtain the standard reference, Pollock's or Martineau's 'Spinoza'."

A STANDARD work, H. M. Joachim's "Study in the Ethics of Spinoza," is obtainable for three dollars and a half from the Oxford University Press, New York City. J. A. Picton's "Handbook to the Ethic" (Dutton), is out of print. Leon Roth's "Spinoza, Descartes and Maimonides" is published by the Oxford University Press.

M. Z., Nyack, N. Y., asks for the best handbooks on the writing of children's stories.

THE only one with which I am familiar is "Juvenile Story Writing," by Mabel L. Robinson (Dutton), author of the "Little Lucia" books, "Sarah's Dakin," and "Dr. Tam O'Shanter" (Dutton), all well-known to children and well-loved by them. As Miss Robinson is in charge of the course on this subject at Columbia, in which this inquirer is interested, the book will be of special usefulness. The handbook "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts," by William B. McCourtie (Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass.) has a section listing all juvenile publications in this country, and their stipulations here set down as to what is and is not wanted are in themselves enlightening. If, for example, you are selling a story to *Dew Drops*, "leave mamma, papa and other adults out, or make them minor characters," but remember, in submitting MSS. to *Kind Words*, that it "objects to stories in which 'smart' youngsters circumvent their elders." With eighty-six periodicals providing the writer with unusually detailed directions, he should be able to pick up some ideas.

I read through Edward Mott Woolley's "Free-Lancing for Forty Magazines" (Writer Publ. Co., Cambridge, Mass.) in the hope that some of these might have been for the young, but though he did, it appears, figure among the contributors to *The American Boy*, "a sort of 'Chatterbox'," and the *Young Folks' Companion*, these stories appear to have been tossed off while his more important work was coming to a boil, and the details of their construction are not given. This book has not much to say about construction, anyway: its title might as well have been that of an earlier work by Mr. Woolley, "The Art of Selling Goods." In this, however, he has become so expert that the book—evidently an honest record of experience—ranks with the popular "success-stories." It is more useful than most of them, and as curiously touching as they all are.

Two letters have come this week, one from Michigan, the other from the wide open spaces, for it has no address at all: one asks if Frazer's "Golden Bough" is still the best book on its subject, saying "formerly it was considered excellent authority on ethnology, but recently there has been adverse criticism." The other, a cub reporter of eighteen, asks "Just what is 'The Golden Bough'? I have seen it mentioned so many times, without ever knowing just what it was, that I determined to ask someone who would know."

ETHNOLOGY is a wide word, but the subject on which Sir James Frazer lavished such enthusiasm, such erudition and such charm, is really primitive religion and the magical element in religion. Once the student, or the general reader who might chance to open one of the volumes of "The Golden Bough," pursued the windings of this subject through twelve massive books, and that these have been brought since 1922 to the compass of a single volume—by the author himself—is one of the marvels by which this work is attended. The abridgement (Macmillan) keeps the fundamental ideas of the larger work and a surprisingly large amount of the evidence in the shape of savage beliefs and customs, omitting the bibliographies and other apparatus of special resarch. As both these inquirers are young, I may add that "The Golden Bough" is a good book to grow up with, and many young men and women are growing up with its assistance—there is even a juvenile version or selection from it, made by Lady Frazer as "Leaves from the Golden Bough" (Macmillan), though this seems to me no great achievement. Sir James's masterpiece is of course an upsetting work, but it will not be for a long while after it is read that the young reader will discover what has been upset in his scheme of things.

The New Books

Poetry

(Continued from preceding page)

THE POETRY OF THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH. I. An Anthology of The Five Major Poets. Selected with an Introduction by J. Dover Wilson. Macmillan. 1927.

This volume actually comes from the Cambridge University Press at Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4, Macmillan being their sole American agents in this country. Before the war two volumes of "The Cambridge Anthologies" were published. Now the series is recommenced with this one. Its pre-war predecessors were "Life in Shakespeare's England" by Professor Dover Wilson, and "Poetry of the Age of Shakespeare" by W. T. Young. The idea was to provide first-hand knowledge concerning the social conditions and literary atmosphere in which great English literature evolved. Mr. Young died in the War, and only now has his friend and collaborator been willing to make a new beginning of the original plan with a treatment of the Romantic Revival. He characterizes the book before us as "a handy and cheap book for class use, containing the best work of the five major poets of the period." It may be followed by a second anthology, dealing, perhaps, with Scott, Blake, Cowper, Crabbe and Burns. Meanwhile "Life in Mediæval England," in three volumes, by G. G. Coulton, will be issued.

Professor Dover Wilson has made an excellent selection and his anthology is most attractively printed. His introduction is concise but adequate. Beyond question the very best poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats is here, arranged in chronological order with dates of composition.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON. By NICHOLAS BRETON. With Drawings in Color by Ernest Fiene. New York: The Spiral Press. 1927.

Ernest Fiene is a young artist of great promise, and collectors would do well to save this beautiful little book illustrated by him with such delicacy and charm, against the day when he becomes famous. The small firm of The Spiral Press has done excellently in its publication. Both the illustration and typography are perfectly adapted to Breton's exquisite songs. The fine flower of this Elizabethan's work could not well be had in a more fortunately conceived and executed book. Joseph Blumenthal's "Foreword" to it is precise and concise.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JOSE-MARIA DE HEREDIA. By *Merle St. Croix Wright*. Vinal. $2.

PICTURES. By *Walt Whitman*. New York: June House. $4.

HAPPINESS AND OTHER VERSES. By *Emily P. Bissell*. Lippincott.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by *Bliss Carman*. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

Are people tired of modern problem novels?

Judging by the sales of

SPLENDOR

By Ben Ames Williams

We would certainly say so.

Meredith Nicholson:

"You don't read about the characters in this tale; you live with them. I can't recall any other American novel of recent date that bears as undeniably as this the stamp of authenticity. Here is a novel free of banality and bunk; an honest tale, that leaves one staring into the fire and thinking innumerable things about life and human destiny."

Frank Sullivan:

"'Splendor' is a fine piece of work: the story of an average man in 570 pages, not one of which was skipped by the seasoned old page-skipper now addressing you."

The Outlook:

"In its broad sympathy, in the sincerity which marks it, in the courage he had to write it as it was, Ben Ames Williams has achieved himself a certain splendor."

The New York Times:

"Mr. Williams poses in his book some interesting journalistic questions. The invasion of privacy by Hearstian methods is discussed pro and con by various characters in the story. One learns in 'Splendor' that the tabloids are new in format alone."

Chicago Journal of Commerce:

"Rarely does one come upon so living and heartrending a story."

New York American:

"Mr. Williams tells a very real story of an average newspaper career so real that its poignancy often tears painfully at the heartstrings. His story is one of the best of its kind read by this reviewer."

The New Yorker:

"Another story about a newspaperman; it is honestly told by a popular author."

The United Press:

"There may have been finer American novels written during the past year. If so this reviewer has not been privileged to read them."

George Ade:

"The real story of a real working newspaper man. The story is the kind of realism that keeps me reading into the night. It is a splendid book."

Edward W. Bok:

"Reflects in a true and unerring sense the home life of a family of moderate means in the suburbs. There are thousands of people of that kind, and no book could portray their lives as well as does this novel."

Boston Herald:

"As fiction it admirably fills a place side by side with the series of volumes on 'Our Times' which Mark Sullivan is giving us."

Chicago Daily News:

"Every reader can trace similar changes in thought, emotion and incident in his own life that run parallel to Henry's experiences, and it is this wide scope of human appeal that causes an intense sympathy with the unsensational but fascinating life of Henry Beeker."

Philadelphia Inquirer:

"In a sense 'Splendor' is the saga of the common man, a revelation of his inarticulate nobility. Mr. Williams has given us an affecting picture of his unpretentious endeavors."

Philadelphia Public Ledger:

"The book is a fine reflection of our changing times. The characters are skilfully etched and stand out vividly. Henry the hero, is a real creature, with whom one can sympathize and who can exasperate at the same moment."

E. P. DUTTON & CO. **681 Fifth Ave.**

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Points of View

"O Rare Ben Jonson"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The recent discussions of "O Rare Ben Jonson" have interested me, because they have all omitted mentioning another crudity of the sculptor—the fact that the buttons on Ben's coat were cut on the wrong side. In my researches on other aspects of Jonson's work, I have come across some curious jingles regarding this misfortune which may amuse your readers. W. R. Chetwood in his "Memoirs of the Life and writings of Ben Jonson" (1756) offers the following: (p. 52)

"A few years ago, there was neat Marble Bust of our Author placed (near over against that of *Spender*) with *Shadwell* and *Gay*, facing the West Door of the Abbey, with the old Inscription, and the old Fault, the (H) in his Name.

O RARE BEN JOHNSON!

The Carver has unfortunately cut the Buttons on the left side, and the Holes on the right, which occasioned the following Lines by the late reverend Mr. Wesley.

O RARE BEN JONSON! what! a Turn-coat grown!
Thou ne'er wert such 'till thou wert clad in Stone!
When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat, impairs,
Thu'lt find a Patron in an hundred Years.
Thou let not this Mistake disturb thy Sprite,
Another Age shall set thy Buttons right.

There was another made on the same Occasion; and though a little ludicrous on such a Subject, as it relates to our Author, we take Leave to insert it.

On seeing Ben Jonson turn'd out of Place in a Turn'd-Coat
If Ben's pale Ghost, at Noon or Night,
(Like Cæsar's Shadow on the Stage)
Should rise and contemplate the Sight,
How would his growling Spirit rage?
Why, what a Jack-an-apes is here!
This meant for me! away, be gone!
(Why this would make a Parson swear!)
A Turn'd-coat too! Zounds! Turn'd to Stone!
Give me my other Coat again,
And place me where I was before;
This cannot be the famous Ben,
This is some upstart Son of a Whore!

The "Jonson Allusion-Book" (1922) ignores the "jingling rhymes" included in Chetwood's book, because they seemed to the editors "crude fabrications of his own Muse." That Chetwood was not the author of the jingle he attributes above to Wesley seems apparent from its inclusion in "Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands" (London, 1726), p. 148. "Our Ben Johnson's Bust, lately set up in Westminster Abbey, with the Buttons on the wrong Side," and in "A Choice Collection of Poetry, By the Most Ingenious Men of the Age," collected by Joseph Yarrow, (York, 1738), p. 65.

The British Journal No. XXXXII, for Saturday, April 27, 1723, published the following news item, which dates the bust and may aid in explaining the notion of the "Turn'd Coat" in the second poem:

"There is a little handsome Monument erected to the Memory of *Ben. Johnson* among the other Monuments in *Westminster Abbey*, sacred to the Poet. It has no other Inscription, but that formerly cut upon his Grave-stone: *O rare Ben Johnson!* However curious the Workmanship appears, the Master is found Fault with by some, by putting the Buttons of the Bard's Coat upon the wrong Side. But perhaps, he waggishly hints at the common Fate of the inspired Train, who are often doomed to wear Turn'd Coats."

For those who wish to read an account of Ben's body buried upside-down in the Abbey, there is an account in Ryan's "Dramatic Table-Talk," III: 220.

ROBERT GALE NOYES.

Cambridge, Mass.

Elucidation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Professor Babbitt's correction in your issue of November 12 is deserved and I have apologized to him. I should have made it clear in my article in *The Saturday Review* of October 1 that while most Americans believe in material progress, the progress in which Professor Babbitt believes is "moral progress." But as to his "worship of Humanity," I think I indicated that this was not what he calls humanitarianism by mentioning his condemnation of Rousseau.

Though if, not Professor Babbitt himself, but Mr. T. S. Eliot is to be accepted, "Mr. Babbitt, being a real Atheist, is at the same time essentially a most orthodox Christian" (*Criterion*, August, 1927), Professor Babbitt does not worship Humanity at all and is no humanist, but the worshipper of a transcendent God!

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

New York.

Wagner and Heine

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In his review of Lewis Browne's "That Man Heine," which you published on December 3rd, Mr. Louis Untermeyer corrects the author for listing Wagner among the composers who have put Heine's poems to music.

While it is true that Wagner does not belong in the company of Franz, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, Strauss, and Hugo Wolf, it is not true that Wagner never set a poem of Heine, and it would not be necessary for Mr. Browne to have access to an unpublished manuscript to discover the fact.

While living in Paris in 1839, Wagner wrote music for Heine's "Die Beiden Grenadiere," which was published in the following year with French text, as "Les Deux Grenadiers." While the song is not nearly as well known nor as effective as the Schumann version of the same text, it has been sung in concert, and appears in all lists of Wagner's compositions. Mr. Ernest Newman discusses it on p. 248 of his book "Wagner As Man and Artist."

The point is a minor one, but Mr. Untermeyer's statement was too definite to be passed over.

MARGUERITE. . .

A Valuable Service

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In a recent issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* Mr. Morley, remarking on the importance of the poetry of Mrs. Mary Tighe to the students of the poetry of Keats, writes that Mrs. Tighe's "Psyche" was published in Philadelphia in 1812, and asks who has seen a copy. The Library of Congress Union Catalogue shows that the Boston Public Library possesses one; since, too, the Library of Congress possesses a copy, two copies are easily located.

The Library of Congress Union Catalogue, of which I speak, contains records of books in American libraries—not of the usual books found almost anywhere, but of the unusual books that scholars may want to locate and have difficulty in finding. The expansion of this catalogue has long been a desideratum in the Library's bibliographical service, and is one of two projects for the benefit of research workers which it is now in a position to execute through the gift from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of $700,000, of which about a third goes to the development of this particular project.

The answer to Mr. Morley's question which the Union Catalogue so quickly provided is a suggestion of its use to scholars generally.

W. A. SLADE,
Chief Bibliographer.

Library of Congress.

An Open Letter

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the hope that it is not yet too late, I want to register an emphatic protest against the plan to erect a $35,000 memorial to Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in Central Park. Not until a few days ago did I learn that the Municipal Art Commission had approved this plan, which was rejected by it in July, 1926.

There is tragic irony in the fact that this projected memorial is to be a "children's garden," and that money is being raised for its erection with the representation that Mrs. Burnett was a great benefactor of the young.

Has any individual, I wonder, ever brought more pain and sorrow to children than the woman who wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy"? Because of that dramatized novel, of sugary sentimentality, the lives of thousands of helpless small boys in the United States were blighted. They were forced to wear velvet and lace and long curls, after the costume of the incredibly angelic small nobleman in the play. Frequently those luckless youngsters were assailed with the epithet "girl-boy," and often they were targets for mud and vegetables thrown by boys who had escaped the blight.

I speak as one who was compelled to wear curls until the age of five and a half. In the *Bookman* for April, 1927, I recited in detail the lamentable effects of Mrs. Burnett's sentimental writing upon American childhood, in an article called "The Fauntleroy Plague."

Vivian Burnett, in his biography of his mother, reveals that she suggested the Fauntelroy costume to Reginald Birch, who drew the pictures for her novel; and that she dressed her own sons in that fashion. Strangely, here in a democracy, she initiated a vogue of attire in imitation of a decadent Old World aristocracy. Thus she caused a vast number of children to be made ridiculous; and no one has a right to do that.

To portray Mrs. Burnett to the coming generation as a benefactor of little folk is to foist a lie upon the unknowing. Does the Municipal Art Commission want to take the responsibility of sponsoring such a lie in bronze and stone?

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

Hoffmann Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is current in Germany that Frau Hoffmann sent the Herr Doktor to buy a picture book for the children. To her surprise he returned with a blank note book and a box of paint, saying there were no picture books fit for children. And so he made one himself—"Strüwwelpeter."

MARGARET A. JOHNSTON.

Pedantry

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Certain expressions are taught us from childhood, and therefore their usage surely cannot be considered as pedantry, says Mr. Young on November 19. That depends on what he means by "taught." If he means what we catch from the models unconsciously set by parents and playmates, all right. But if, as I suspect, he means what was inculcated upon us by those who first undertook to drill us into correctness, then his conclusion does not follow; on the contrary, grosser pedantry is taught in the common schools than in any institutions of higher grade.

His own illustration is a good one. We caught "a hotel," "a hurrah," "a hyena," "a habitual liar," even "a hyperbola," and "a hexameter," by ear; but we were "taught" to say "an historian" and "an heroic action" because those happened to be the customary examples given in the textbooks. The unanimous testimony of current dictionaries is surely right in declaring that in current speech England and America say "a historian," "a heroic;" but we write "an" because we were taught it in school, and that is pedantry. It may be amazing that defiance of the dictionary can be pedantry, but it is. Mr. Young, indeed, alleges that in his circle "an hotel" is spontaneous speech; but you failed to print the post-office address which should have told us in what part of the world this is said to be so.

I wonder if Mr. Young will charge me with pedantry if I challenge his sentence "the speaker has to pick carefully his phrases in order to make his point telling." I claim that this is French, and that the English for it is "to pick his phrases carefully," or, not quite so well in this instance, "has carefully to pick," or even "to carefully pick;" this last I do not like, but anyhow it is better English than "pick carefully his phrases."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

A book which has caused considerable of a sensation in France where it has already sold over 150,000 copies is Victor Marqueritte's "Ton Corps est a Toi." The novel plays about the theme of the right of the mother who is forced to have a child against her will to prevent its coming to life.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ENGLISH VERSE BETWEEN CHAUCER AND SURREY. Edited by *Eleanor Prescott Hammond*. Duke University Press. $6.50.

WINGS AND WISHES. By *W. H. McCreary*. Vinal. $1.50.

POEMS OF JAMES THOMPSON. Selected and Edited by *Gordon Hall Gerould*. *Holt*. $2.50.

THE ECHO ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE. Edited by *David Raffelock*. Denver, Col.: Echo Publishing Co. $2.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE BRONZE TREASURY. Edited by *Harry Kemp*. Macaulay. $3.

HIGH SCHOOL POEMS. Collected by the Script Club. Harcourt, Brace.

FIFTY POEMS. By *A. D. Godley*. Edited by *C. L. Graves* and *C. R. L. Fletcher*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

VIBRATIONS. By *Frances Carruth Prindle*. Vinal.

FESTIVAL IN TUSCANY. By *William Force Stead*. London: Cobden Sanderson.

MINSTRELSY OF MAINE. By *Fannie H. Eckstorm* and *Mary W. Smyth*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS. Compiled by *T. W. H. Crosland*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

THE POINT OF VIEW. An Anthology from the Works of *Paul Carus*. Open Court Publishing Co. $2.50.

Religion

CASE AND COMMENT. By LOUIS HOWLAND. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

The columnist has to write and the preacher has to say something worthwhile at definite periods. That is not easy to do. Fortunately the preacher does not have to print all his sermons nor the columnist to preserve his words in a book. "Case and Comment" is a selection of weekly feature articles from the Indianapolis *News* by the editor. The sub-title, "Meditations of a Layman on the Christian Year," is sufficiently descriptive. The articles are not on purely transient themes, nor are they without some literary merit. The author uses the Bible as familiarly as most clergymen and is not any more bound by his text or occasion. The tone is one of tolerant and friendly moral advice. The Church attitude is taken for granted. That such articles are appreciated presumably as part of the provender of newspaper readers gives a more favorable impression of that class of persons and of the editors than one is wont otherwise to entertain.

THE MODERN RELIGIOUS SITUATION. By EDWARD S. KIEK. Scribners. 1927. $1.75.

Originally intended for lectures at a theological summer school, these chapters will help the perplexed Christian deal with some of the familiar difficulties in traditional religion. They are about God, prayer, the Christian ethic, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Atonement, the future life, the Church, and the ministry. There is no attempt to be original. The principal merit of the book is the sanity of viewpoint, a moderate view that ought to be satisfying to readers naturally conservative. Mr. Kiek is principal of Parkin College, Adelaide. Evidently the difficulties of the thoughtful Christian in England and Australia are much the same as in the United States.

Travel

ISLANDS OF QUEEN WILHEMINA. By VIOLET CLIFTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $5.

Mrs. Clifton has chosen a most rewarding task, to present limpidly, delicately, in a graceful pattern of over-ordered comment, a few impressions of a long journey through the Dutch East Indies. Hers is the recording pencil which selects rigidly, so rigidly that the reader might almost suspect that she had prearranged matters with the passing leper maid whom she hears greeted in the night, or foreseen the existence of the village where all "the wealth of flowers, the brilliant crotons, the bushes were for the dead." But such a suspicion must be rejected as unjust, for all the skilfully introduced details are faithful and true. Mrs. Clifton has noted with alternating horror and delight and a sigh for the departed glories of Raffles, the contours of the country, the temper of its people and the pageantry and pathos of their lives. It is from full knowledge that she selects for longer comment on the chapter of *Pedaug* only the curious curved roofs of Sumatra and the legend of the voctorious buffalo which their shape commemorates. Her book should be read by those who wish to refresh their faith in the charm and mystery of lands which they may never see. It is not a guide book, not a nemonic device for the traveller who once journeyed through the East Indies and whose recollections have grown rusty.

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LACKING the versatility of Mr. Robert Benchley in his contest with "Abie's Irish Rose," we can only record in mournful boredom the arrival of another edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat," from Houghton Mifflin Co., printed at the Shakespeare Head Press. Referred to the ho-hum! department.

We came on a shelf of new books the other day—books issued in limited editions—which the publishers had thoughtfully neglected to send us. Perhaps they thought we didn't care for them—and for some of them that comes near the truth: but there were others which we liked and so want to write about them. But we can't be expected to run all over New York seeking these shy, fugitive volumes, so in the future we shall hope to receive them here where we can look them over at our leisure.

The first group consisted of three books from the Grabhorn Press in San Francisco. They obviously belonged to the "California School," though the technical proficiency of the Grabhorns is capable of rising to higher things. There was a reprint of Ecclesiastes, which had the savor of the "School" a little too much—the binding of stiff vellum was awkward, and there were too many kinds of initial letters used. The "gentle cynicism" of Ecclesiastes needs less impedimenta. No charge of excessive decoration can lie against "Hymns to Aphrodite," set in the Dutch Lutetia type. The whole effect is thin and meagre—a result of preciosity in design resulting from the present oversupply of type varieties! But for the "Book of Ruth," issued in an edition of two hundred and fifty copies for the Book Club of California we have great admiration. To be sure the illustration at the opening of the first page is not lovely (we are old-fashioned about such matters) in drawing or color, but once past that one feels that the little book (which is only three by four and a half inches) has charm and feeling. It is set, for one thing, in that very lovely *lettre bâtarde* which is one of the fortunate survivals in type, and very well set—and since it is well set and

The Compleat Collector.

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Now let us have a blow at the Torch Press, which issues, in a very small edition of one hundred copies, Leigh Hunt's Letter on Hogg's "Life of Shelley." The book is set up on the linotype (though it is a slight book) and printed on mould-made paper. It has most of the faults of "limited editions" produced by those who do not know how.

And then there is another "limited edition" book of three hundred and seventy-five copies, "Memoirs of the Gloucestre Fox Hunting Club," issued by Ernest R. Gee at the Derrydale Press. And "The Dalmatian," from the same press. Poor things typographically. So-called "Caslon" type set on machine for a limited edition of a small book: several lines of that wretched pseudo-black-letter—Tiffany Text, beloved of the job printer, who thinks it swanky—we call attention to these matters to show how *limited editions and fine printing should not* be done.

Now we go up in the scale—considerably. Here is "The Point of View," by Paul Carus, printed by Donnelley of Chicago. It is well set in Garamond type, has pleasant rubrication, and, of all things in a small book, the grain of the paper runs the same way as the back of the book! Nothing remarkable? Well, it is a thoroughly sound piece of bookmaking, and in spite of the to-do over printing today, a sound piece of bookmaking isn't too often seen.

THERE *is no longer any attempt at* concealing the operation of the machinery by which a "Collected" author is manufactured. While the mechanical details were being perfected, these were carefully kept under cover, but this is no longer necessary. Conrad was the first to work in the open, and the very audacity of his methods had a good deal to do with their success, which he supported with much skill as long as he lived. The extent to which others can operate along the same or similar lines, remains to be seen.

An author must have been on the market, and selling fairly well, for at least a dozen years, before it is safe to begin exploiting him. Then the first step is to announce, in some bookseller's catalogue, copies of his early works, with "rare" in capital letters, and remarks about the title not appearing in "Book Prices Current." The fact that titles do not appear in that invaluable work unless the book sells at auction for more than a given sum, has helped a lot of book-cataloguers to a "not in" note of implied scarcity.

H. M. Tomlinson has now reached the next stage toward collectors' fame, in "Notes toward a Bibliography" of his writings. It claims to be no more than a check list, but a list of his ten books would take precisely that number of lines. Instead, we have three pages. Each title is presented with all the dignity of upright lines to mark off the arrangement of the title page. This, of course, proves that it is a bibliography, but what else the lines are good for, is not apparent. It seems to be reasonably certain that there are no variations in any of the copies of any of the editions. The single exception is the American reprint of "Under the Red Ensign," and in this case the American title is not given, except in its shortest (but quite sufficient) form, in a note. Collations and bindings are given with all the meticulous detail of Mr. T. J. Wise's works. There is only one omission, as the prefatory note explains. This is the sole Tomlinson First which has any legitimate claim to scarcity. It is a private reprint of his tribute to Katherine Mansfield, printed in Toronto. Anyone who finds this, has something to brag about.

The Aldus Book Company's ninth catalogue offers a wide assortment of modern firsts, with five pages of Kipling titles as the most considerable group. The two highest priced Kipling volumes are an issue of Lovell's International Series, of very real importance as the first book by "Kudyard" Kipling published in America, and a Chicago edition of the Poems, printed in 1899.

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GENERAL

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EVERY once in so often *The Book of the Rhymers' Club* is wafted to our desk. It is published at intervals at 527 Guardian Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and is copyrighted by *Carr Liggett* trading as the Rhymers' Club. The December, 1927, issue contains at least one poem, *John French Wilson's* "Am I Not Ramses?" that is worthy of your special attention. . . .

"The Nuptial Flight," by *Edgar Lee Masters*, originally appeared four years ago, and now comes the second printing, a new edition. Masters contends that woman absorbs man, "doing in the course of years to his physical being, in the exercise of the maternal instinct which demands food and a roof for the children, what the queen bee does instantly to her mate." This is at least, an interesting thesis. . . .

We reproduce on this page the original in Chinese from which *M. C. Sun*, a Chinese student at Dartmouth, has made the following

The Hound and Horn, a Harvard Miscellany, is very attractive as it comes to us from Cambridge, with its cover design by *Rockwell Kent*. *Bernard Fay*, *Conrad Aiken*, *David McCord*, and *John Wheelwright* are some of the contributors. There is a freshness and crispness about the whole small magazine. Subscriptions are taken by *The Hound & Horn*, Box A, Cambridge, Mass. . . .

No one who loves the raciest English as the Irish use it, appreciates good acting, and has a zest for that blend of wit and tragedy which makes drama exciting to the mind as well as to the eyes, will miss the Irish players now at the Gallo Theatre, and their presentation of the remarkable plays of *Sean O'Casey*. Don't forget that; despite the strange animosity of "Dionysius," to which we referred last week. . . .

Josephine Pinckney's "Sea Dreaming Cities" has appeared in a special, limited, autographed edition for the holidays. The regular edition will follow in January. Charleston is the sea-dreaming city, and these interesting poems are bred and born in the low country of Carolina and racy with its flavor of dark humor and its brooding melancholy. . . .

Adrian Edgecomb O'Dea of this city differs with our own opinion in regard to the recent much-discussed "spurious" *Cabell* item. He expected us to lift the eyebrow in scepticism. He refers to "nicely timed publicity." He says in part:

> The points seized upon to prove the item false could have been cited with equal ease to bring it real. Mr. Cabell avers, for one thing, that the text used in the play is the one brought out in the later edition of the book instead of the edition extant at the time the dramatic adaptation presumably was made. But is it not reasonable to infer that Mr. Cabell had made the changes and revisions in the story at the time of turning it into a play, and that these changes were latterly incoporated in the new edition of the book?
>
> The same possibility is inescapable in connection with the inaccuracy of quotation and allusion charged in the Preface. What conclusive proof is there that these are quotations, and not germs of phrases and ideas which the creator, looking upon his work and finding it good, afterward introduced in embellished form into the books named in his "disavowal"?
>
> Mr. Cabell, as your own Mr. Canby pointed out recently, has never been at any pains to invent new plots, new characters, or new ideas. His silver stallions have only grown brighter, his Jurgens more irreverent, his Helens more delectable, under a hand that never touched anything, even its own incomparable work, without transmuting it into gold. Is it plausible, then, that he could take his own story, even a week after its inception, and dramatize it without effecting the palpable improvements revealed in the later edition of the story itself?
>
> Mr. Cabell is too clever for all of us. That is why he could practice what would seem to be a very amusing hoax upon his public, thereby emblazoning his name before the eyes of thousands of newspaper readers who otherwise would never hear of it, the while he performs the further feat of diverting suspicion from himself by impaling the so-called fraudulent "find" upon the point of a polished phrase!

We have received from *Pascal Covici* a copy of his edition of the "Secret History of Procopius," newly translated from the Greek with an introduction by *Richard Atwater*. Seven hundred and sixty numbered copies have been printed in the Procopius type here used for the first time. It is large and thick and black. The typography and type design are by *Douglas C. McMurtrie*. We learn from this spacious volume all about the iniquities of the Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodora. They were quite remarkably iniquitous; *Procopius* portrays them as fiends in human form, "what the poets call vampires." Here is Rome's purple past with a vengeance and a book in which *Gibbon* delighted. . . .

We welcome to the ranks of New York publishers the new firm of Coward-McCann. *Thomas R. Coward* was till lately Eastern Editorial Representative of the Bobbs-Merrill Company and *James A. McCann* the Sales Manager. Coward is also well known as one-time National Amateur Squash-Tennis Champion. *Miss Katherine Ulrich*, *Mrs. George S. Kaufman* and *Miss Ernestine Evans*, all well known in the book and editorial world, have joined the staff of the new firm. It is unlikely that the firm will publish any books before July, but Mr. Coward is already in charge of the offices at 522 Fifth Avenue where Mr. McCann will join him shortly. . . .

We wish to thank *Marguerite E. DeWitt* of this city for sending us her "Fancy That!" tone patterns; we thank the Bobbs-Merrill Company, *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tristram Coffin*, *John Bennett*, *Robert Cortes Holliday*, *Louis Untermeyer*, *Captain David W. Bone* and Officers, *A. Hugh Fisher*, *"The Carthaginian,"* and *"Lewney and Ruth"* for Christmas cards. We thank *Sylvia Satan* for sending us another poem, too long to print now. but we shall hold it for an opportunity. . . .

Complete runs of that short-lived American periodical, *The Seven Arts*, which contained the first appearance of *Theodore Dreiser's* "Life, Art and America," as well as contributions by *Sherwood Anderson*, *Amy Lowell*, etc. is in the catalogue list of *George A. Van Nosdall* at 446 East 88th Street. This item consists of numbers I-XII, November, 1916, to October, 1917, twelve numbers, 8vo, original wrappers, uncut, enclosed in two half-blue morocco slipcases, gilt backs, inner cloth protecting wrappers. The price is forty dollars. Among the editors of the *Seven Arts* were *James Oppenheim*, *Van Wyck Brooks*, and *Louis Untermeyer*. . . .

We have seen *Sherwood Anderson's* prospectus for the *Smyth County News*, a local town newspaper, published weekly at Marion, Virginia, and circulating largely in Smyth County and Neighboring counties. "Births and deaths, what the churches are doing, the price of farm products," says Sherwood, who gets hurt during the fall threshing or shoots some fellow for getting gay with his wife. School news, sports, visits. The aim of this paper is to give expression to the joys and sorrows, the political fights, all of the everyday life of a very typical American community. The paper is owned and edited in every way except politically—by Sherwood Anderson, sometimes favorably, often unfavorably known as a novelist and story teller. He does not claim to be a poet.". . . .

Glenway Wescott, now in this country until February, will then return to Villefranche, where he expects to complete a novel about luxurious New York. He says that the intelligent and artistic expenditure of money will constitute its subject,—and we can imagine that. *Upton Sinclair*, author of "Money Writes", will do a little mouth-frothing at this prospect. . . .

By the way, have you read Sinclair's latest book? From what we have read in it there is much that is untrue in fact and intolerably self-righteous. Mr. Sinclair allies himself sturdily with the "unco guid." For God's sake, let him go read his Robert Burns! For a man who appears to hate bias and prejudice Sinclair luxuriates in both. His own bias, his own prejudice is, of course, sacred. *He* is the flaming moralist, *he* has been vouchsafed the only true vision of the world, *he* does not hesitate to flay both the living and dead. He takes particular pleasure in flaying a dead lady, a dead artist of eminence, because she happened to be a rich woman. Incidentally he descends to personalities that reveal him utterly callous. We had the honor of knowing Amy Lowell fairly well. She is the dead lion now about whom the buzzards gather. What was fine and beautiful in her work, and there is much, is firmly established by the natural law that nothing fine or beautiful in art is ever allowed to perish. It remains for those with eyes to see and ears to hear. Mr. Sinclair has neither. He juxtaposes to snippets from her work, at which he revels in sneering, certain poems by his wife; thus introducing a personal relationship which makes any detached criticism of his wife's own poems impossible to the chivalrous. That is his idea of fair play. Of course, according to him, all her editors and all her friends were bought by Amy Lowell, either by her money or by her social prestige. That is the silliest nonsense But that gospel will be spread among thousands of people because of Mr. Sinclair's prestige as their champion. Through his ex cathedra pronouncement they will be cut off from a certain portion of beautiful art that belongs to them. Self-righteousness, bigotry, and intolerance will do this; Mr. Sinclair's hardly Miss Lowell's. What a splendid thing to have endeavored to accomplish! . .

The December number of *Transition* comes to us from Paris enlivened by an answer to *Mr. Wyndham* Lewis for his *The Enemy*, and setting forth the case of one *Samuel Roth*, which latter presentation was badly needed. *Mr. Waverley Lewis Root's* article is intensely biting. The "Correspondence" that follows is illuminating There is one slight mistake. Though a statement in regard to *James Joyce* vs *Samuel Roth* was printed by *The Saturday Review of Literature* some time ago, Mr *T. S. Eliot's* letter concerning *his* case vs *Samuel Roth*, printed in this issue of *Transition*, was never received by us, as it was addressed "The Editor, 'The New York Evening Post,' 236 East 39th Street, New York City." Now *The New York Evening Post* has never been situated at 236 East 39th Street. That was a former address of *The Saturday Review of Literature* But Mr. Eliot's letter is dated 26th July 1927, while *The Saturday Review of Literature* had left the address mentioned in 1925. Eventually, of course, the letter reached the *Post*, as the "Correspondence" shows. Mr. Eliot had finally magnificently the better of this correspondence. And the facts are most extraordinary. (a) In *The Two Worlds Monthly* one *Samuel Roth* printed a poem of Mr. Eliot's without any permission whatsoever. It was taken from Mr. Eliot's own magazine *The Criterion* (b) Mr. Roth dedicated that issue of the *Two Worlds Monthly* to T. S. Eliot, also without the slightest permission. (c) Mr Roth neither communicated with Mr. Eliot in any way or offered him payment until Mr. Eliot protested in his letter to the *New York Evening Post*, which letter was forwarded to Mr. Roth. (d) Mr. Roth then wrote a reply to the *New York Evening Post* most abusive of Mr. Eliot, and sent a cheque for twenty-five dollars to Mr. Eliot together with a copy of the letter written to the *Post*. The *finale* of this was that Mr. Eliot naturally returned the cheque promptly to Mr. Roth, via the *Post*, and remarked cogently that "Mr. Roth's reply constitutes a better reply to himself than any which I could devise." We ourselves recall seeing several poems by noted English poets printed in *The Two Worlds Monthly* without the slightest reference to the fact that these poems had appeared years before in volumes by these poets. The uninformed reader would imagine them entirely new work. Of course, the permission of the said poets must have been asked and they must have been paid for the privilege of reprinting their work. We cannot imagine any periodical conducted upon an honorable basis not doing so. Any other course is gross infringement of copyright which should be—if it is not—punishable by law.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
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Few features of *The Inner Sanctum* have proved more provocative than the listing of those cities which have staunchly held out against the rising tide of best-sellerdom and refused to accord first place to *Trader Horn*, *The Story of Philosophy*, or *Transition, A Mental Autobiography*.

In a land of regimentation and shrivelling conformity, *The Inner Sanctum* gleefully salutes a few more outlaw communities who have just broken loose from the solid South, the solid North, the solid East and the solid West:

Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Harrisburg, Pa.
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Columbia, Mo.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Sioux Falls, S. D.
Shreveport, La.
Roanoke, Va.
Berkeley, Cal.

Nevertheless, the year ends with *Trader Horn* and *Adam and Eve* leading the fiction and non-fiction lists by a wide margin. The runners-up in novels are *Jalna* and *Kitty* and, in the field of general literature, *Mother India* and *"We."*

In 1927, *The Story of Philosophy* almost equalled its 1926 record of 100,000 copies, and *Trader Horn*, in its first six months, almost precisely equalled the first six months of the DURANT book.

One more statistic and we are through with best-sellers for the year. Sales figures on *Trader Horn* for the last three weeks are:

Dec. 4..... 9,005 copies
Dec. 11.....14,481 copies
Dec. 18..... 9,679 copies

As these lines are written (Wednesday morning) this week's total is over 4,000 copies.

The Inner Sanctum has been going over its 1928 schedule and is quite frankly excited and overjoyed with the general outlook.

The Spring list includes biographies: *Aubrey Beardsley*, *Ludwig van Beethoven*, *Gilbert and Sullivan* and *William Randolph Hearst;* novels by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, HEINRICH MANN, DAVID PINSKI and FELIX SALTEN; a brilliant German book on the most *Fascinating Women* of all time; a new book by ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN and ETHELREDA LEWIS; a ninth cross word puzzle offering, and sundry other surprises and delights which should make 1928, for *The Inner Sanctum* at least,

A Happy New Year!

—ESSANDESS

THE BULLFIGHTERS

By HENRY DE MONTHERLANT

"For its portrait of a sensitive boy, for its glowing panorama of Spain, for the tension and excitement of its amazing bullfight, this remarkable book deserves trumpets and a band playing the music from *Carmen* to announce its entry into an arena overcrowded with anaemic contestants." —*The New Yorker.*

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